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# BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

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TO-DATE SUBJECTS

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# BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XVIII.

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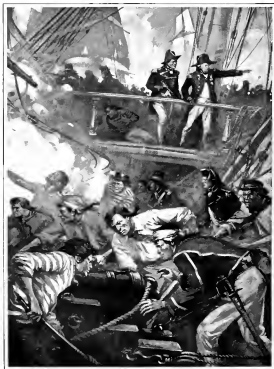
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# The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

VOL XIX TORONTO NOVEMBER 1909

No 1



JOLLY TARIFF THE BRAVE DAYS OF OLD



## Changes in the Royal Navy

The Advent of the Engineer-Sailor

By

CHARLES GLEIG

*In view of the legislation likely to be introduced at the approaching session of the Dominion Parliament looking towards the establishment of a Canadian Navy, the following article is particularly timely. It demonstrates how the character of the British Navy is rapidly changing, how service is taking a strong hold on its administration and how the men who man the ships are becoming more highly trained.*

NOT long since the present writer encountered in the High Street of Kensington an old shipmate who had recently retired upon a moderate pension. I had known him well twenty years previously, as a jovial young surgeon of a gunboat on the China station; but now he was middle-aged, his once

handsome face was not a little lined and battered, and he bore upon his visiting card the sonorous title:

"Deputy Inspector-General of Hospitals and Fleets."

Aware that he had quitted the Service, I asked him presently whether he regretted his retirement. He stopped short, and gazing across the

street with a far-away look in his eyes, replied thoughtfully. "Often, as I lie upon my comfortable spring mattress, I dream that I'm waiting for a boat at the end of a cold, wet pier." I was answered. It was very plain that my friend the "D.I.G." had had his fill of seafaring and wet piers.

Now and again, it is true, you may chance upon a pensioned veteran in whose blood the call of the sea still echoes, who longs for employment, finds no enduring joy in spring mattresses, chafes at his moorings, and grumbles about the monotony of retirement. One has met such starchy spirits, but they are rare; for the truth is, that the song of the sirens grows dim in the ears of middle-aged men, while the appeal of the club arm-chair is persistent and satisfying.

Stout Robert Blake was fifty years old when he began his unique career at sea, Columbus, but five years younger when he sailed upon his great voyage of discovery, and Lord Howe was hard upon seventy on the "Glorious First of June." None the less, the appeal of the sea life is to the young, and, on the lower deck especially, you will ever find the grey beard out of tune with his unwelcome environment, and growling for the solid comforts of dry land.

But, while the glamour of the naval life has always appealed to restless youth, one inclines to doubt whether the sirens sing as enticingly to-day as they did even thirty years ago. Thirty years is but a span in the long history of our navy, but great have been the changes in the mode of life afloat since the writer touched his cap to the quarter deck of a primitive ironclad launched in 1862. That good ship, a flagship in the Channel, was protected against the muzzle-loading guns of the day by four inches of soft iron. Her simple engines lent her a speed of ten knots, and these were quaintly

supplemented (though no man held it quaint then) by three towering masts, upon which could be spread a cloud of spotless canvas. The main-yard measured a hundred and five feet from yard-arm to yard-arm; but our highest speed under all plain sail was something under five knots!

Even then certain engineer officers held it childish to clap sail upon steam-driven ironclads, but nobody heeded their cautious sneers. The Admiralty clung to sail for some years after I went afloat in 1878, abandoning them at last with a strange reluctance, and amid the head-shaking and lamentations of all the retired admirals and captains sheltered by the Service clubs. It was all too clear to those veterans that a mastless navy was going to the dogs.

I recall vividly my first glimpse of that Channel flagship. She lay in Portland Roads with five other masted anachronisms of the day, as I approached here in a waterman's boat laden with my sea-chest. The hour was 7.30 a.m., and at that moment five thousand men and officers stood motionless upon the upper decks of the battleships, awaiting the signal that should announce the morning "evolution." Seventy years had passed since Trafalgar, but the grandsons of the Nelsonian era were still playing at the old seamanship with an extraordinary enthusiasm I crept aft unnoticed, and watched from beneath the poop the whole swift and amazing process of making full sail upon a fleet of steam-ironclads. The act was accomplished in about three minutes—three minutes of organized stampede and apparent confusion, and amid silence only broken by the claron blowings of the commanders. Once, I remember, a bugle sounded. Something had gone wrong, and every man stood like a statue, while the little commander on the poop rebuked a small section of the crew. Two harsh



notes from the bugle completed the brief homily, and instantly the wild stampede was resumed. When all was over, the towering mast, clad with canvas, the crew, panting and sweating, fell in double rank on both sides of the long unbroken deck, and a great silence fell upon the whole fleet. Day by day, and sometime during three hours at a stretch, the crews of that period competed against each other in the performance of mast and sail drills, which had for thirty years ceased to possess practical utility. We clung, you see, to the old seamanship that had made England glorious from the days of Drake: did our best to forget the engines and boilers, and treated the engineers like pariah dogs.

I dwell upon this fetish of old-world seamanship because it so greatly influenced the mode of life afloat for thirty years after the Crimean War. We resisted beyond belief the inevitable change from sail to steam, trying desperately to preserve all manner of decayed institutions, manners and customs, handed down from the era of wood and canvas. On a fair average we killed a man per week over those ancient exercises; but the mode of death was not inglorious, and the victims were buried with considerable ceremony. I well remember a fore-royal yardman of our ship, who risked his life twice daily for the honor of the fore-ropemen, performing feats of agility that might have shaken the nerve of a baboon. In the end he perished, falling upon the fore'side from a height of 150 feet. But the admiral attended the funeral, and we subscribed nearly fifty pounds for his mother, besides sending her a photograph of his tombstone.

The cult of old fashioned seamanship hardened the muscles and nerves, and kept science at bay. The midwives of that day were required by the regulations to study mathe-

matics behind a canvas screen between the hours of 9.30 and 11.30 a.m., and we seldom averaged more than five hours' schooling per week, owing to the higher demands of the general evolution. Then, too, if your boat was called away you shut your books with a light heart and eagerly assumed command of her. We lived a great deal in the boats when the ship lay in harbor, and few of the senior officers took our mathematics seriously. A few gunnery and torpedo lieutenants who have since risen high in the service were conspicuous even in those days by their studious habits, or their grip upon science; but not a few captains distrusted them and privately condemned them as "x chasing muffs," hardly to be entrusted in foul weather with the reefing of a topsail.

There are flag officers and captains now serving, who went through this mill of "fool" seamanship without discovering its futility; but it must be difficult for the present day commanders and lieutenants to realise that the British Navy was shifting topsails and running the whole gamut of Nelsonian seamanship less than thirty years ago. High credit is all the more due to admirals and captains who have adapted themselves, chameleon-wise, to the sweeping changes of the past three decades. It is fair to add that foreign navies also clung almost as long to a somewhat inferior brand of "fool" seamanship. If the Royal Navy was grotesquely behind the times with its masted steamships and ancient drills, so, too, were all foreign navies. Only a year or two before the writer went aloft H.M.S. Captain, a masted and heavily rigged steam turret-ship, capsized under sail in the Bay of Biscay; and in 1879 I saw the grisly wreck of the Eurydice raised from the bottom of the Solent. We continued to play with sails for some years afterwards,

and to drill at repelling boarders with pikes and tomahawks!

But those were, after all is said, jolly days. We took our worn-out seamanship seriously, but the strenuous, nerve-straining years of scientific training for war were postponed. We maintained two fleets, the Channel and the Mediterranean, in both of which the spirit of competition involved hard work; but the navy was widely scattered in every sea, and it was this system of distribution that colored the life and differentiated it, in the main, from the strenuous fleet cruising life of to-day. Detached service was the general rule, fleet cruising the rare exception, on all foreign stations from China to Peru. Under an easy-going skipper this meant that officers—and in lesser degree the men—normally enjoyed good times—real good times, seldom possible now. We sailed from port to port (within the wide limits of the station) lingering pleasantly in hospitable harbors, smiled upon by the fair, royally entertained by the Colonists. There were balls and junketings, cricket and shooting, long easy spells in port, and "latpegs" at our disposal in many hospitable houses, enlivened by gracious women. A flagship often swung lazily at her moorings for six months at a stretch; the admiral comfortably settled ashore in "Admiralty House," while leave in plenty was granted to the officers, and especially to those who cultivated sport or society. It was considered meritorious to go in for shooting, fishing, dancing, or cricket; indeed, many an officer won promotion in these pleasant by-ways of the naval life. Those who neglected sport and society were, indeed, often penalised; for they were expected to stay on board and look after the routine.

To-day, if I am rightly informed, little of all this junketing survives. The life grows uniformly strenuous,

even a trifle grey, under our system of fleet work and with the decay of detached service. The fleets abroad have all been cut down, so that officers and men spend the bulk of their time in Home waters, and no small part of it in barracks. To the younger men this is no boon; it is even monotonous, and it is assuredly more expensive. Before German competition obliged us to concentrate in Home waters, naval men used to sigh for home billets; now, with the usual "cussedness" of human nature, they have too much of "Home, sweet Home," and long for the sight of a cocoa-nut tree—the smell of a foreign port. In the merry days of foreign service, when one saw the flagship once or twice in a year at most, Jack and a few of his officers usually contrived to bank a tidy sum of money against the glad day of paying off at home. True, there was no prize-money, and there were often "dues" to be paid at Portsmouth and Plymouth; but there was usually enough over to set the pretty sweethearts and wives "A trip, trip, tripping on the Quay" and to ensure the wanderers a tender welcome home.

In the course of a long commission an A.B. of my acquaintance stored £130 in the Admiralty Savings Bank, the secret being that he owned a sewing machine and turned out caps that were the admiration of the ship's company. One may admit that the average officer did not return with any balance worth mentioning, but he did at least contrive to reduce the long bill of the patient outfit of the Common Hard or Devonport. Three months in old England was quite long enough to tax the nerve of one's banker—then off again to China or the Pacific, before credit was wholly exhausted. And, after all, old England can be quite dull when the balance runs dry and kindly uncles have been completely tapped. Married men

grumbled at the too short spells of Home Service—one has to admit that—but the active list is in the main, a youthful force; and the sailor who marries under thirty hardly deserves to be considered. To-day, I am told, there is too much Home Service, even to please the "bottle-men." One wonders what the wives think about it. But they are hardly likely to be quite candid. There is a certain dreary anchorage, termed, I believe, "Cats' Hole," where reserve battleships and cruisers of the Home Fleet swing monotonously at their moorings during many months of the year. "Cats' Hole" (if I have the name correctly), is situated near the rich mudflats of the Medway, and about three miles from everything else. It is not, I am told, a popular anchorage, so that strenuous fleet-cruising comes as an exciting relief to those "nucleus" crews who normally pace the decks, watching the golden haze of afternoon lighting up the purple mud. True, you may also watch the barges tacking with the tide, and exchange marine compliments with the gifted bargee. But even that diversion has been known to pall. "Give me the West Coast and a little shooting over a nice malarious swamp?" growled a "nucleus" crew lieutenant whom I lately met on Sheerness pier. Life is much pleasanter, no doubt, at most of the Home ports and barracks, but there is no detached service, and the fleets are constantly cruising or drilling. Rightly so, of course, for our navy is strenuously making ready and takes its work very seriously. My point is, that the life is necessarily less jolly and varied than formerly, but one respects the increased energy and zeal everywhere manifest in the British Navy of to-day.

Take, for instance, gunnery. Everybody knows, or should know, what gunnery means now in our navy: how the example of one dis-

tinguished expert, whose name has become a household word throughout the Empire, fanned into a steady blaze the slumbering enthusiasm of the whole service. This awakening of our navy to the value of straight and rapid shooting constitutes by far the most striking change that has occurred for half a century. The new skill involves a great deal of hard work and intelligence, both of which were formerly expended upon "fool" seamanship and the polishing of brass. As one looks back it appears amazing that had shooting was accepted as a matter of course only a few years ago. The guns were good of their kind, but the quarterly practice enforced by regulations was universally regarded as a nuisance. We fired at a small red flag, attached to a pole embedded in a rum cask. Steaming round this almost invisible target, the range varying between 1,000 and 1,500 yards, it was only now and again that the gun captains obtained a clear glimpse of the little red flag rising and falling with the ocean swell. They had to watch for it through a narrow gun-port, across which drifted the smoke from other guns on the broadside. Actual hits were not encouraged, for the shattering of the rum-cask involved delay and the dropping of a fresh target. Rapidity of fire was the main objective, because everybody, except the gunnery lieutenant regarded the practice as a noisy nuisance. When a gunner pitched his shot conspicuously short of the bobbing mark, he was mildly reproved, but shots that passed 200 feet over the target provoked no comment. The present writer never saw powder and shot thrown overboard to expedite the practice, but some of his contemporaries are known to have witnessed that amazing abuse of Government stores.

Last summer, when the fleets were manoeuvring off the Scottish



(Photo: Gale & Polden, Aston-Carter, E.C.)  
DANCING THE SAILORS' HOBBYSTEP



(Photo: Gale & Polden, Aston-Carter, E.C.)  
JAZZ AS LAURENCE MAN



(Photo: Stephen Childs, Southey.)  
TRAINING A PET



A TUN OF WAR

coast, I visited a new battleship anchored below the Forth Bridge. The manoeuvres were ended, the work of the day completed; but from the captain downwards, every man I saw looked jaded or worried, and a dismal silence enveloped the vessel. A solemn-faced, pallid, scientific midshipman politely acted as my guide. He seemed to be on his guard, apprehensive that he might reveal some official secret. I could not help contracting that solemn youth with the jolly midy of thirty years ago, who took such keen delight in gulling civilian visitors.

Later, I was received by the captain in a wretched cabin full of ventilating shafts. He was civil, but much pre-occupied, and had the air of a man harassed by responsibilities—as, no doubt, he was.

Twenty years ago the captain of a warship had no worries, and responsibility sat lightly upon his broad shoulders. At sea he enjoyed ample leisure; in port, he landed daily and dined well at the club or with his brother captains, leaving the commander to run the ship.

One does not suggest that the old leisured days can or should be restored to officers of the navy; but the public scarcely appreciates how strenuous and exacting life in our fleet has grown. So greatly, indeed, has the navy life changed within thirty years, that we may soon look

to find the fleet manned and officered by a new race of engineering mariners. Already one may note the beginnings of the transformation of the personnel, although we are liable to be deluded by the sight of some isolated roystering Tar, still maintaining the old traditions of the cloth. Regret it as we may, the roystering Tar is passing, and his officers are equally adapting themselves to the imperious demands of an age of science. But, of course, we ought not to regret evolution: and all that the modern navy can hope to preserve is a few traditions of the grand old Service. The sailor-engineer is not only "knocking at the door," but has already thrust his experimental foot into the gun-room and the mess-deck.

Sailors, middies, admirals, are all changing under our eyes in obedience to the law of progress that rules alike the fate of fleets and of peoples. In the coming days there may be even less roystering and junketing; ever increasing stress and effort. One can hardly foresee, as yet, the types destined to man and command our future fleets; but we are entitled to believe that something of the old roystering spirit may survive, though it may be less in evidence.

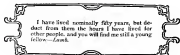
The call of the sea is already pitched in a new key; the sirens chant a new song to engineer-sailors of the Dreadnought era.



THE STATUE TO GOVERNOR SIMCOE  
WHICH STANDS IN FRONT OF THE PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT BUILDING IN TORONTO

## The Work of Walter Allward

By  
ARTHUR E. McFARLANE



I have lived sexually fifty years, but deduct from them the hours I have lived for other people, and you will find me still a young fellow.—*Laurel*

WHEN a modern sculptor has an inspiration, it is first expressed in what the French call a *maquette*, one of those small figures of dark green wax, wherein a few swift and nervous finger pressures may catch and hold a complete artistic conception. If the sculptor makes up his mind to carry

it further, with his *maquette* as his rough sketch, he makes another—this time a highly finished little figure—in wax or clay. And, if the design is one that is to be "passed upon" as a single statue, from his second figure he makes still another, one-third or one-half of life size.

If, however, the small finished



SIDE VIEW OF THE BELL MEMORIAL, BRANTFORD

figure is to be one of several in a monumental group, they are one after the other finished "in little," and cast in plaster of Paris; then with a completed model of the monument, the whole is put together. (In the illustrations accompanying this article, such completed group models may be seen in the case of the Baldwin-Lafontaine exedra, the South African Monument and the Bell Memorial.) Only after weeks and months of this work "in little" does the sculptor's actual work begin. For each figure that is to be finished in life size or larger, he has to build up a most elaborate frame of iron or wood, strong enough to hold the weight of clay, and capable, too, if possible, of being swung about upon its axis. Then, if the baffling task of procuring suitable life models has been partially successful, the sculptor can take his clay and commence his work "in big." This is again a task of months: St. Gaudens believed that for every figure he should be allowed at least a year. And the completion of the clay figure means only that the artist must now go to work

to cut it in marble, or to cast it section by section in plaster of Paris for its final re-casting in bronze. All the while, too, in the sculptor's care, are the hundred architectural details, even the fine stone-work of the monument. He must personally select his marble or granite, just as must go hundreds of miles to oversee the turning of his clay into metal.

These things are set down thus lengthily to make it evident how different is the art of the sculptor from that of the painter or the novelist. With infinite patience the former must for month after month do what is almost the work of the manual laborer, yet at the same time keep, nay, intensify his inspiration. He must, through all, hold to his conception as if he had begun by casting it mentally in bronze. It is an art to kill weak spirits. And this is why there are comparatively few sculptors, even of the second class. Since the age of Pericles those who have attained the first class could be counted on the fingers of one hand.

The subject of this sketch was born in Toronto, in June, 1875. He comes of a large Newfound-



FRONT VIEW OF THE BELL MEMORIAL, BRANTFORD

land stock. He received the sort of education with which most of us are flung upon the rocks. And from the age of fourteen to eighteen, he studied with a local firm of architects. Also, he was learning to use the mallet and chisel; and—much more—he had awakened to the possibilities of modelling clay. It was not long until the young architect was working out heads, and little bas-reliefs and figure groups. And at a time when of all things in Canada, sculpture might seem to promise least, when it was an art, which could not even be studied in a school, a sculptor he began to make himself.

The old first problem was, as always, that of self-support. With the youthful painter this generally means portraits. With the sculptor it means busts. And in the case of Mr. Allward, a long list of them could be drawn up, from Tennyson to Sir Charles Tupper and Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Many of these busts were, too, of exceedingly good workmanship. But they were not what he wanted to do. His first notable "outside" work was the monument in Queen's Park, Toronto, to

commemorate the Northwest Rebellion. After that came the statue of Governor Simcoe, a few rods to the west of it—of which Professor Goldwin Smith wrote at its unveiling that, "badly placed as it was, where it stood was the place of honor; it was an earnest of the progress of Canadian art." About the same time he received the award for the monument to Sir Oliver Mowat. He married, and seized a few months of London and Paris. The French—Fremiet, Paul Dubois, Rodin—though hitherto he had been able to look at their work only in photographs, had been his masters from the beginning.

Since then he has been kept continually employed, and he has been as steadily going on to larger and more vital things. The Mowat, also in Queen's Park, was followed by a memorial to Sir Nicholas Flood Davin, in Beechwood Cemetery, Ottawa, a piece of work eloquent with a deeply fine simplicity. Meanwhile he was modelling a half-length figure for a monument called for by the Army and Navy Veterans' Association. It was set up in Portland Square, Toronto, the site at one time





MODEL OF THE BALDWIN-LAFONTAINE MEMORIAL  
TO BE ERECTED AT THE CAPITAL

of the military burying ground. The figure is that of an old soldier of 1812, his head bared, his face upraised, his lips parted, his expression that of one who through the solemn ritual of evensong hears the beginnings of a roll-call, which is not of this world. It is not largeness which makes great work. Any Toronto man or visitor to Toronto, has merely to walk down to that squalid little square, to see what, in its kind, he can see no better in Paris or Florence or Rome — profound feeling subtly expressed.

Mr. Allward's design, one of thirty-six, had already been accepted by the Committee of the South African Memorial Association. The corner-stone of this monument was recently laid. It is to be completed in 1910. At the present moment still another statue by Mr. Allward, that of John Sandfield Macdonald, is awaiting its place to the south of the

Provincial Parliament buildings. A year ago he received the commission for the Baldwin-Lafontaine group upon Parliament Hill in Ottawa. And in the present year he was chosen to give America its Bell Memorial. All of this means, reduced to its lowest terms, a great mass of work. Every year until 1912, will see the unveiling of some monument of the first-class. It also means that from the local and provincial, Mr. Allward has passed on to work for the Dominion as a whole, and thence to conceptions meant to give voice to one great phase—invention—of our modern civilization. This is something to pause upon.

But let us first go back a little, for example to the John Sandfield Macdonald. If an artist is doing "portrait work," he will, if he is a true artist, put into the likeness something that is a vast deal more than

a likeness. And in the case of the Sandfield Macdonald, it was not enough that the bronze should look like "John Sandfield." It does. But, to add thereto, the expression chosen, the attitude, the pose of the body, the way the clothes hang upon it, the Scotch dryness and argumentativeness and containedness, the lack of all that is unco vivid or dramatic, make the figure a veritable type.

Pass on one step to the "Baldwin-Lafontaine." Within the two curving sides of the exedra, sculptured in low relief are two figures representing Upper and Lower Canada. The former is given its emblem in sheaf and plow; the latter in ship and cross. But the figures of the statesmen themselves express the two provinces without any need of symbols. They embody the parliamentary union of French and English in mid Nineteenth century Canada with the dignity yet almost the intimacy of the conversational. There is absolutely none of that exaggeration of nationality, which such a subject would seem fairly to invite. None the less, while the individuals are wholly themselves, the nationality is there. And, even as they stand conferring

as it is, seem secondary to that more significant—and quieter—thing, constitutional government.

When we pass to the South African Memorial we reach that order of sculpture where the figures must themselves be symbols. At the base of the shaft sits Canada, a strong young nation-mother, flanked by two young soldiers in the uniform of the Canadian Contingents, an infantryman and a dismounted cavalryman. Both of these latter figures are excellent — keen, lean of limb,

with the beauty of the sinewy, rather than of the curve. They are full of vigour and action. The actuality of their equipment, their strength and soldierly capacity for what they are there to do, take away all cheap necessity for heroic pose or theatric gesture. But the figure of Canada is one that, when the statue is set in place, will be widely spoken of indeed. The French literary world has a proverb which says that immortality may be gained by forty lines. Forty lines can hardly represent the work that has gone into Mr. Allward's Canada. But, taking the risk which everyone takes who ventures to salute genius before the sod is over it, we venture the prophecy that



MODEL OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN MEMORIAL  
IN CHARGE OF ERECTING IN UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO

the bronze caught expression of that young mother of men, as she beholds her sons depart, the yearning after them,



WALTER S. ALLWARD IN HIS STUDIO

yet the large pride in seeing them go, the strength, the hope, the knowledge of what is taking them—will be found to measure even to what is demanded of an artist when he is asked to express the renewal of life in death. And high over all poises a winged victory.

Again, the Bell Memorial makes a demand peculiarly difficult and peculiarly its own. One can symbolize certain abstract ideas, but how

symbolize the transmission of sound? How put the telephone into a shape of bigness and beauty? Not long ago a certain Parisian sculptor attempted to celebrate the Frenchman who had the largest part in giving us the automobile. And he placed him, in bronze, in an automobile of bronze! It stands at one of the Paris octroi gates, shouting its own ugliness and absurdity. Turn from that to Mr. Allward's

## THE WORK OF WALTER ALLWARD

telephone. It is there in bronze. But it is in low relief. It is balanced by the portrait medallion, itself sunk deeply in the granite, of the inventor. And, while aiding in the interpretation of the whole—one who runs may read—it is the smallest part of it. Between the images of inventor and invention sits the spirit of Man, awakened to his ability to transmit sound. He sees Knowledge, Joy, Sorrow sent speeding over the thick roundness of the earth. And once more he considers what he is and the mystery of this world with a new wonder. Raised high in the foreground, and typified by two

noble figures, draped and Jano-like, stand Hearer and Listener. Put in bald, everyday phrase they are "at the telephone." But it is Humanity which hears and listens. And between mouth and ear all the dramas of our life play themselves out.

Mr. Allward has gone far, and he will go still further. The time must come when Canada will begin to seek those things, which cannot be bestowed by wheat crops and railway mileages. She may then discover that even while she has had little eye for them, a great beginning of those things has been given to her already.

## Money or Freedom

**M**ONEY enters in two different characters into the scheme of life. A certain amount, varying with the number and the empire of our desires, is a true necessity to each one of us in the present order of society; but beyond that amount, money is a commodity to be bought or not to be bought, a luxury in which we may either indulge or stint ourselves, like any other. And there are many luxuries that we may legitimately prefer to it, such as a grateful conscience, a country life, or a woman of our inclination. True, flat and obvious as this conclusion may appear, we have only to look around us in society, to see how scantily it has been recognized; and perhaps even ourselves, after a little reflection, may decide to spend a trifle less money, and indulge ourselves a trifle more in the article of freedom.



JAMES ROBERTSON

THE EDITORIALS: ENGLISH ACTORS WHO WILL PRESENT "THE FUGITIVE OF THE THREE KINGDOMS" IN JEROME K. JORDON, IN AMERICA DURING THE WINTER

## *The Opening of the Dramatic Season*

by William G. Colgate

An early forecast of the principal dramatic offerings announced indicates that playgoers may be interested in a series of great international dramatic seasons. Foreign dramatists will be represented upon the American stage this season, notably by the "Cyrano de Bergerac" by Edmond Rostand. The genre of critical playwrights include dramatizations of several popular novels in which distinguished artists will appear. The notable roles of "The Fugitive of the Three Kingdoms," by Jerome K. Jordan, in America during the winter of 1914-15. The opening of the season in Canada has not yet been announced.

WITH the summer well over and the last belated though happy and rested vacationist returned to town, the eyes of the public are turned once more to the myriad pleasures of the city of which the theatre receives by far the largest share of attention.

It is much too early yet to forecast the dramatic offerings which will likely be presented to Canadians this season. Recent reports from New York and London, the leading centres of theatrical activity, from which all good things dramatic are supposed to emanate, indicate that the season's productions will be fairly comprehensive.

The first important offering of the New York season was "The Only Law," the titular designation of which was evidently suggested by the wonderful success of "The Only Way." It was produced at the Hackett Theatre on July 29. The play was the joint effort of Wilson Mizner and George Bronson-Howard. On August 16, "A Broken Idol" opened the season at the Herald Square. But that is about all it did do, for the play expired shortly after the initial performance. A French detective play, "Arsene Lupin," closely akin to "Sherlock Holmes" in plot and characterization, appeared at the Lyceum on August 26 and was very favorably received.

Edmond Rostand, the French dramatist, who has not been heard of much on this side since Richard Mansfield produced his "Cyrano de Bergerac," will be represented by

his widely-talked-of drama of barnyard life, "Chantecler," in which all the players impersonate animals. This will likely be produced by Charles Frohman in the early spring. Among the playwrights whose plays are promised an early production is Henry Bernstein, author of "The Thief," whose "Israel" is a racial drama in which an anti-semitic son challenges his father to a duel. Then will come "Scandal," Henri Bataille's great Parisian success, which it is hoped will duplicate in America his famous dramatization of Tolstoy's novel, "Resurrection." Alfred Sotro, the English author, who wrote "The Walls of Jericho," in which James K. Hackett starred last season, will be represented by two new plays, "The Builder of Bridges," in which Kyrie Bellew is now touring, and another comedy, "Making a Gentleman," which it is expected will be produced shortly. Ethel Barrymore will be seen in a new comedy by Sir Arthur Wing Pinero entitled "Mid-Channel" and Otis Skinner has a play by Booth Tarkington called "Your Humble Servant," which title rather suggests the civil service. Another important production to be made early by Mr. Frohman will be Sir A. Conan Doyle's "The Fires of Fate," which has had almost a sensational success in London.

The plays of that prolific writer Clyde Fitch whose death occurred recently will share the place of honor with those of the greatest of living dramatists. No less than four or five of his plays are occupying the



BLANCHE BATES

(Photo: White &amp; V.)

NEW YORK: BY THE FINEST PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM J. HENRIOT

stage at present and are likely to continue to do so indefinitely. Canadian playgoers were afforded an opportunity of seeing one of his latest efforts at the opening of the season when "The Bachelor" was taken on tour with a cast headed by Charles Cherry. It made a very favorable impression upon its presentation at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, in Toronto, although the local critics did not look upon it as being by any means representative of Fitch's best work.

Shakespeare seems to have lived down in a measure his bad name consisting mainly of a reputation for ruin among theatrical producers. Wm. A. Brady seems willing to take chances at any rate. It may be that as his theatrical interests grow larger and more important he can afford to challenge public esteem. However that may be, Robert Mantell appeared in Toronto on October 4 which included "Macbeth," "Romeo with a Shakespearian repertoire and Juliet," "Hamlet," "The Merchant of Venice," "King Lear," and "Richard III." Although there was plenty of room to be had in the Princess Theatre during the week's engagement, there was still sufficiently large audiences present to indicate that the Shakespeare cult has no intention of visibly diminishing, at least not at present. Something of a mild sensation was created during the engagement, owing to the expression of philistine opinions by the critics regarding Shakespeare's fitness for the library rather than the stage. They claim that his works essentially fail to meet modern physical conditions, and that more is to be gained from a bookshelf acquaintance with him than from observation of more entertaining acting editions as seen from an orchestra chair. Without desiring to enter into the controversy which the point raises, it looks as if with the dropping of the final curtain on the

careers of our older actors, present acting editions of Shakespeare will be relegated to the library and left undisturbed save for an occasional revival such as other classic dramas periodically undergo. This conclusion naturally rises uppermost in the mind, not altogether because it is felt that public interest is waning in Shakespeare as a playwright, but rather because there are few of the present generation of players equipped with the experience necessary to properly interpret the composite characters of Shakespeare's plays.

Mantell, however, will not have the Shakespearian field to himself this season. Maude Adams, Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern are other prominent players who have decided to pin their faith to William of Avon. The former will be seen as Viola in "Twelfth Night," while the latter two in combination will open the New Theatre in November in "Antony and Cleopatra."

That the popular novel affords possibilities of stage success to the dramatist which are seldom left undeveloped is to be inferred from the number of book plays announced for production. Viola Allen will be seen in the "White Sister," a dramatization of the late F. Marion Crawford's last novel. Harrison Grey Fiske, the versatile publisher of the Dramatic Mirror, will present a dramatization of W. J. Locke's "Septimus." This author's "Morals of Marcus Ordeyne" was also dramatized and appeared in Canada two seasons ago with Aubrey Smith in the title role. The English actor, George Arliss, will appear as Septimus in the new play. A dramatization of Rex Beach's novel, "The Barrier," will be produced shortly with Guy Standling and Theodore Roberts in the principal roles. Dustin Farnum who played the titular part in "The Virginian" a dramatization of Owen Wister's book, stars this season in "Carmen Kirby,"



FANNIE WARD  
WHO IS TO APPEAR IN "VAN ALLEN'S WIFE."

(Photo: Moffet Studio.)

written by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson. These authors also collaborated in writing "Foreign Exchange," which appeared with a notable cast, at the Royal Alexandra, Toronto, on October 11. The play deals with international family complications, due to the marriage of an American girl with a French count. The usual results chronicled by the newspapers and divorce courts naturally follow. The finished work of the leading players, Percy Hazwell, Byron Douglas and E. M. Holland, redeemed the play from its somewhat prosaic and disagreeable plot.

Mrs. Fiske will continue the season in "Salvation Nell." Adeline Genoe appeared in "The Dryad" in New York this month.

Fritzi Scheff, the operatic star, commenced her season with a week's engagement at the Princess Theatre, Toronto, on October 11, while Elsie Janis appeared at the same play house a couple of weeks previously in "The Fair Co-Ed," a play which the public still continues to relish.

The Shuberts, who control the attractions for at least one theatre in Canada—the Royal Alexandra of Toronto—will have a lengthy list of attractions most of which are likely to be presented at that house. Mme. Nazimova, the Russian actress, will have a new play. Mme. Bertha Kalich will also appear in a new vehicle this season under these managers. Marietta Oily, the celebrated Viennese actress, will be added to the long list of Shubert stars. Florence Roberts is also a recent acquisition.

Among the number of distinguished foreign players who will likely visit Canadian cities this season are: Forbes Robertson and his wife, Gertrude Elliott, in their London success, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," by Jerome K. Jerome, Sir Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore in repertoire, which

will likely include one or two of their old favorites, such as "David Garrick." Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, who was recently knighted, will appear in repertoire, which includes, "Hamlet," "Julius Caesar," "Twelfth Night," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and "The School for Scandal." Lewis Waller a favorite emotional actor in London is also expected. Marie Tempest comes with her successful play "Penelope," while Ellaline Terriss will be seen in "The Dashing Little Duke." Fanny Ward who appeared in "Lady Bantock" last season will appear in "Van Allen's Wife."

Mabel Barrison, who was billed to appear in Toronto and Montreal and possibly other Canadian cities in "The Blue Mouse," had her dates changed and was brought back to New York to fill in a gap at one of the houses there. It is not generally known that Miss Barrison is a Torontonion and still even less that she attended a Methodist Sunday School in her native city. Not that stage folks are not good, but one is apt to disassociate entirely religious influence from a racy play of the ultra-French type as "The Blue Mouse." Miss Barrison won her first stage success in Victor Herbert's "Bachelors in Toyland."

Another popular player who will likely be seen in Canada this season is Blanche Bates, whose excellent work in "The Darling of the Gods" and "The Girl of the Golden West" will be readily recalled by playgoers. Early last August Miss Bates began her second season in William J. Hurlbut's drama of New York life, entitled "The Fighting Hope." Her tour will take her as far west as the Pacific coast. Like many another player of distinction, Miss Bates began her stage career under the management of Augustin Daly in New York.

Up to the present the plays which have appeared in Canada have not



GRACE HAZARD

PLAYING THE LEADING ROLE OF "THE FARMHOUSE MAID." THIS SEASON

been possessed of any special brilliancy of construction. Nor has the American playwright succeeded al-

together in infusing the element of originality into his treatment of hackneyed themes. "Madame X" the sensational French play in which Dorothy Donnelly appeared was natural in its plot and acting, although slightly overdrawn in characterization. It afforded a sharp contrast to the other plays presented which was not altogether due to the influence of its origin. The elongated De Wolf Hopper, he of "Casey at the Bat" fame, sonorous voice and Dutch-like physical proportions, appeared in "A Matinee Idol," a loosely constructed musical comedy—with cheap music and still cheaper wit. Of course it was a failure. The funniest comedian alive couldn't achieve success under a heavy handicap of a vehicle like that. Elsie Janis apparently thought it was better to be safe than sorry and appeared again in "The Pair Co-Ed." It is a good play with some excellent entertaining features, but one can get too much of a good thing sometimes.



MABEL BARRINGTON

A TORONTO GIRL APPEARING THIS SEASON IN "THE BIG MAID."



MARIETTA O'LEARY

APPEARING IN "THE BIG MAID."



ADELINE GENRE

(Photo: Given by Adeline Genre)

AS SHE APPEARS IN "THE LITTLE BOY."

What the present season holds in store for the Canadian playgoer, time alone will tell. The local manager proposes but the theatrical trust disposes, and owing to the peculiar

exigencies governing the theatrical system, we must be content to take what they give us—whether it be good, bad or indifferent. Let us hope it will be the first.

# For Ever

A Drama of Life

By LOUISE HEILGERS

From The Sketch

"I LOVE you," said the man.  
"And I you," said the woman.  
Their lips met.

A little stream laughed softly to itself as it hurried by. A wakeful sparrow in the ivy giggled tersely. Even the big white moon peeping over the tree-tops smiled placidly.

"For ever," said the man.  
"For ever," said the woman.  
"Alas!" sighed the river.

"Such nonsense!" muttered the sparrow, and went to sleep. A little cloud wiped the smile from the moon. Nothing, not even love, lasts for ever.

"What you can see in me!" whispered the man. "Just a poor devil who has to work for a living; whilst you—you beautiful thing!" He swept her up against him with sudden passion. "Oh, the lips, and the hair, and the eyes of you, girl!"—he kissed each in turn. "God knows I have nothing to offer you," he added sadly, "but—"

"But love," said the girl softly, with shining eyes.

"—and a cottage," finished the man. "Ah! why wasn't I born rich, dear, so that I could have given you—"

"—diamonds instead of stars," interrupted the girl. "You know you sold me, just now, they all belonged to me."

"Your people would rather I presented you with a diamond necklace than all the stars in the world," retorted the man bluntly. "You see, you can't realize in stars any more

than you can on dreams. Diamonds are solid things, my dear, you can hold in your hand. And I'd sooner you rode in a Daimler than in a motor-bus. I'd love to give you all the good things in the world, Madge. Sables, now: you'd look well in sables. But as it is—"

"We must be happy even if I have to wear rabbit-skins for furs and stars for jewels," laughed the girl. "Money isn't everything."

"No, but it means a good deal," he answered.

"Does it?" asked the girl wistfully.

"Ah, well, I don't care so long as I've got you."

"Darling," whispered the man. There were pink cariations in the girl's belt. They were pink, but not so pink as her cheeks. They were sweet, but not so sweet as her lips. He found himself suddenly the richest man in the world.

So they married, and the gods lent them a corner of Mount Olympus for their honeymoon; and even when they came down from the clouds and found themselves on solid earth again they were divinely happy in their semi-detached eight-roomed suburban villa ("The Laurels," if you please) for six months. Then the unexpected happened. An uncle of the girl died and left her a hundred thousand pounds. They were to be rich at last. But the man was not pleased. The money was not his. And he didn't want her

to be rich at anybody else's expense, only his own. The girl, however, was quite naturally delighted. Of necessity, her love had up to now walked in drab attire, and she was woman enough to think it would look far more attractive gowned by Worth, hatted by Cartier, and jeweled by Tiffany. So that when his discontent clashed with her capture, she was a little annoyed.

"You always wanted to be rich, and now that you are you seem to be sorry. I can't make you out," she complained.

"I never said I wanted to be a rich woman's husband!" he retorted. "I want to give you the good things of life; I don't want you to give them to me."

"But it's the same thing," she protested.

The man refused to meet the love in her eyes.

"I don't wish you to accept this money." His voice was dogged. "You said yourself once money wasn't everything."

"And you that it meant a great deal," the girl reminded him. "I want to see exactly what it does mean. We can always come back to this—if we don't like it."

"Never!" retorted the man decisively. "We can never come back to anything in life. We must always go forward."

"Why, that's better still, isn't it?" she asked practically. Her glance fell on the lawyer's letter lying open on the table between them, then out through the open window to where, in long golden rows, tall sunflowers stood. She remembered suddenly that only yesterday she had told Jim they were all the gold she needed. But that was yesterday. And she had been agreeably conscious of a clean and becoming cotton frock. To-day its folds were creased and tumbled, yet for lack of another she would have to wear it until the end of the week. Sunflowers, alas! couldn't buy her frocks.

A vision of white and gold, a sheen

of silk, a froth of tulle, came smiling down the stairs of a house in Green Street. Standing within the study door a man watched her descent with hard, miserable eyes.

As she set a slim, satin-shod foot upon the last stair he stepped forward. "Come in here for a moment. I want to speak to you."

A scent of violets rose from her white shoulders as, faintly protesting, she passed before him into the room. "It can't go on, this life," he found himself telling her savagely. "It's killing, it's degrading—more, it's loathsome!"

"How stupid you are, Jim!" said the woman pettishly. "Every time I see you, you are full of mock heroes. I can't help being rich. You might just as well be sensible and accept the position."

"I'll be hanged if I will!" said the man with sudden energy. "It's come to this, Madge. Either you give up this cursed money or—"

"Yes?" queried the girl coldly—mockingly, it seemed to the man.

"I go!" he shouted. He had not meant to say this thing. He had really had no definite idea of what he had meant to threaten. But of a sudden he saw himself free of the scented, gorgeous house, and the scented, gorgeous woman who had no share in the home and in the woman of his dreams; free, with his feet set on the open road of life.

"The car is at the door, Madam," announced a discreet footman in discreet livery.

The vision of white and gold finished peeling on her long gloves and rose languidly. "I hope, dear," she said, sweetly, over a shoulder shrouded now by a cloak of silver tissue held together by bands of snowy fur, "that, next time I see you, you won't be a Lewis Walker kind of person, working up for a third-act curtain."

As a matter of fact, the next time she saw him he was working as a common laborer down at the docks, far hardly had her electric car whirl-

ed her away that night than he slammed the front door behind him and strode into the world in the clothes he stood up in and nothing in his pockets but his pride, for of private means he had none, and at her urgent request he had given up his modest clerkship when they moved into the Green Street house.

The superintendent at the docks where he was working started when one day an imperious lady in a pale muslin gown and Gainsborough hat swept into his dingy office and asked to see one of the hands.

East and West are so far apart, it seemed difficult to believe this white-skinned, white-gloved, white-frocked woman could have anything in common with one of the laborers. However, he sent for him.

He came sullenly. Both hands outstretched, she went to him.

"Jim, I can't live without you. Come back," she pleaded.

He saw that the months that had swept between them had aged her. He was moved. Some of the bitterness went out of him.

"Not so long as there is this cursed gold between us," he told her. "But get rid of it, and I'll come back to you."

He stretched out two work-roughened hands and gripped her by both shoulders. "I'll work for you, girl. We'll not starve."

But swiftly she recoiled from him. She loved him, yes. But she loved, too, her life of glorious ease, the warmth and the richness and the comfort of it, even the thrill of fine lines against her limbs. She could not give it all up.

His hands fell from her shoulders. "Keep your cursed money," he told her brutally. "But you won't keep me."

Several times she came after that. Always he refused her; finally—"What's the use of your coming?"

he asked her bluntly. "I don't want you. You only want your money. Besides, it's too late now. There's a girl—" he paused.

Weeping, she fled from the room and sought the superintendent.

"Dismiss him," she pleaded, "then he will have to come back to me."

The chief hesitated—his foreman spoke highly of him—but, finally, he gave in.

Long she waited! But he never came!

Three years later, in a beggar in the street who stared hard into her face, she recognized him.

"Jim!" she cried, and held her breath horror-struck.

He turned his bloodshot eyes upon her.

"You—" he said bitterly. "Curse you! I was happy, I was a man again till you had me turned off at the works. Thanks to you, the woman I loved died in misery."

"You are ill," said the woman gently. "Come home and I will nurse you back to health, Jim."

He spat upon the ground. "Home!" he retorted savagely, "I'd sooner rot in the workhouse than come home to you!"

She shrank back, appalled before the hatred in his eyes; one last effort she made.

"Ah, Jim, remember that you once said you would love me for ever," she cried . . . the hot tears stung her eyelids.

No answer he vouchsafed her, only deliberately he put out his hand and put her out of his path as he had done out of his life.

She never saw him again.

Away in a cool country garden the stream still laughs softly to itself, as it hurries by; another sparrow giggles wisely at other people's vows; whilst the same big white moon peeps over the tree-tops and smiles placidly; Nothing, especially love, lasts for ever.



## A Sailor With an Undisputed Polar Record

HOWEVER opinions may differ with respect to Cook or Peary, the world is a unit regarding Captain Robert Bartlett, the Newfoundland skipper of Peary's steamer "Roosevelt," who reached lat. 88, and whose modest bearing as to his obedience to orders in returning there when he might have easily have continued on, has won him the admiration of all who recognize real merit.

Robert Abram Bartlett comes of a family of famous Newfoundland fishermen of the best class. His great grandfather, Abram, was of Devonshire stock, a descendant of the West-County "Venturers" who settled "Ye Newe Isle" in bygone days. His grandfather, Isaac, in 1873, while master of the steamer

"Tigress" at the seal fishery, rescued the survivors of the "Polaris" expedition after they had drifted from Greenland to Labrador, 1,900 miles, on an iceflo. His father, William, as a young man, saw service in northern seas, and his three uncles—

Sammel, John, and Henry—were all identified with Arctic exploration, having command of Peary's ships in different years.

Robert Bartlett himself was born at Brigus, the Conception Bay fishing village, where the family has been located for generations, on Aug. 15, 1875, and being an only son, was destined for the medical profession, being educated at the Academy there and subsequently at the Methodist College in St. John's. But the viking spirit was in his blood, and he insisted on fol-



ROBERT BARTLETT  
CAPTAIN OF PEARY'S "ROOSEVELT"



lowing the sea as his fathers had done. He accordingly went fishing to Labrador with his father, and seal-hunting with him, also, when but a lad of fourteen, and afterwards crossed the ocean several times, as a seaman in sailing crafts, to adequately fit himself for the command of one, following this by a similar experience in steam vessels, so as to admit of his gaining the coveted shipmaster's "ticket," which he secured five years ago.

His Arctic experience dates back to 1898, when he accompanied his uncle, John, who was master of Peary's "Windward" that year, on a cruise to Greenland, with the rating of boatswain. He was also north in 1902, as mate with his uncle, Samuel, in the "Erik," also on a Peary expedition. In 1905-6 he was chosen by Peary to be master of the "Roosevelt," on her first voyage there, remaining fourteen months and proving, as on this occasion, Peary's right-hand man in his famous journey across the Greenland ice-cap, in which they reached 87.6. A man of splendid physical structure, unrivalled, daring, and in-

ured to the dangers of sea and ice from childhood, with an experience of Arctic conditions, earned in these Peary campaigns, and the youth and vigor to uphold him in the battle with the twin demons of the polar zone—ice and hunger—he was the logical commander for the same ship in her more recent voyage, from which she has just returned, and Peary himself has done justice to Bartlett's merits in his cabled stories of the conquest of the Pole. Bartlett, to use a modern Phrase, made good in the fullest sense. Conditions forced him to undertake all the pioneering work, to bear the heaviest burdens, to clear the trail for the rest, but right manfully and uncomplainingly did he perform his task, and right nobly has the world recognized the fact.

Captain Bartlett enjoys the distinction that his record of "88 North Latitude is unchallenged and will continue to be. He is unmarried and with his experience and qualifications will yet be heard from in the realm of polar exploration—north or south.



F. WELLHOUSE

"THE APPLE KING OF AMERICA."

### A Farmer Who Raised 500,000 Bushels of Apples

Down in the state of Kansas there dwells a farmer who has under the sobriquet, "The Apple King of America." This farmer, Judge Fred Wellhouse, of Topeka, actually owns over one thousand six hundred acres devoted exclusively to the cultivation of apple trees. From this acreage more than five hundred thousand bushels of apples have been sold for an aggregate above \$305,000. Judge Wellhouse holds the record for growing more apples from trees of his own planting than any other one man in the world. Apple-growing has been his life study. When in the late seventies he was planting 437

acres to apple trees in Leavenworth County, Kansas, many of his neighbors looked on him as well-nigh demented. Over four hundred acres in orchard! It was destined to be a flat failure. So said the croakers; but Wellhouse undaunted and undiscouraged, worked on unmindful of the bantering and rallying, and the outcome justified his faith in Kansas and himself, and forever silenced those who doubted. It wasn't all smooth sailing at first. But Wellhouse persevered, using the proceeds from his earlier crops to buy more land to raise more trees to bear more of the apples, which by their excel-

lence were attracting far more than local reputation. In one year an entire trainload of Ben Davis apples was shipped from the Wellhouse orchard to a Baltimore firm for re-consignment to Germany. Perhaps in no way can be conveyed a clearer conception of the immensity of these apple-growing operations than by citing the figures from the records. In all, the maker of this record has grown and sold twenty-six crops, amounting to considerably more than half a million bushels. The crop of 1890, approximately eighty thousand bushels, was the largest, and it sold for more than fifty thousand dollars. This was perhaps the

most valuable crop of apples ever grown by any one man in the middle west, and the total paid for it aggregated more than the earnings of the average citizen during his entire lifetime. The combined yield of the two largest crops, those of 1890 and 1897, was 142,868 bushels. The smallest yield was 488 bushels in 1899. All these apples, if packed in barrels and loaded on the ordinary railroad freight-car, averaging twenty thousand pounds to the load, would fill about one thousand two hundred and fifty cars, or make more than sixty-two trainloads, of twenty cars to the train.



ROBERT W. SERVICE

## A Poet Who Makes \$5,000 a Year

It is a common belief that poetry doesn't pay. Verse-making is nowadays considered by most people as a waste of time. Magazine editors will accept a few choice poems from well-known poets, but any other aspiring singers must perforce pay to have their work put into type. The spectacle of a poet living on the proceeds from the sale of his verse is as rare as it is remarkable. Yet there is actually in Canada a young poet who is making enough money annually from the sale of a few poems to yield him an extremely nice income. It was only the other day that a cheque for \$5,000 was mailed to Robert W. Service, the poet of the Yukon, to cover royalties on his two books of verse, "Songs of a Sourdough," and "Ballads of a Cheechako," for the past twelve months. Our other Canadian poets may well look upon this achievement with envy and despair. Service has struck a popular chord. His books have had and are having an immense vogue. But so one could have fore-

seen this success a few years ago, least of all the poet himself. Like other young poets, he was of the impression that, in order to have a book of poems appear, it was necessary to pay a publisher at least a part of the cost of publication. He had written some verse, which his companions in the Yukon declared was "rattling good stuff." He was ambitious to see himself in print, simply for the sake of appearances. He believed it would be nice to have a little book on hand to pass around among his friends, "with the compliments of the author." He even imagined that a few copies might be sold, possibly enough to defray expenses. So he had his poems typed off, made out a cheque, which drained his slender bank account, and consigned his precious copy to the mails. In due time the package reached Toronto, and the contents were passed over to the publisher's reader. Be it said to the credit of the latter, that he immediately recognized that Service's work had merit. He counselled its acceptance. Terms were made. Service's cheque was deposited and "The Songs of a Sourdough" was printed and published. Like a flame of fire in a heap of straw, the book caught on. Its fame spread rapidly. The first edition, which is now extremely rare, was soon exhausted, and a second edition and a third were called for. The sale of the book was transferred from the little department that looks after author's editions of books, to the big wholesale department of the publishing house. Salesmen and travelers became inspired and recited off poem after poem to the booksellers. "The Songs of a Sourdough" became all the vogue. The book-making equipment of the publisher was taxed to keep up to the demand. Never, since the time of Drumm, had there been such a call for a book of poems, and even the popular "Habitant" has been eclipsed by the "Sourdough." No wonder Service has given up bank work, when verse-making yields such splendid returns.



"TRUCK DELIV'ED!" SHE COMMENTED, WITH INFUSED SCORN

## An Aeroplane for Two

A Love Romance of the Future

By J. HURST HAYES  
From Pall Mall Magazine

ENID asked me how high we were, and, looking at the altimeter, I told her ninety-seven feet. She said she didn't think we ought to go beyond a hundred without a chap-erone, considering that we were only second cousins once removed.

"That's just the advantage of an aero only holding two," said I; "it dispenses with the necessity or possibility of a chap-erone. And even if we are only second cousins once removed, I've often told you I'm willing to make the relationship a closer one, Enid."

Enid didn't reply, and her face still wore that cross look that it had borne all morning. Something was obviously worrying her, and I wondered what. Even when I had called for her at the Hampstead landing-stage at the early hour of ten-thirty I had noticed that she was incensed about some-

thing, and I had a very distinct impression that the something was me. What I had done to annoy her I could not conceive, nor did I try at the time to discover. I knew it would come out in the course of conversation, and my one desire was to get her on board. Her mother was there as well, and she looked up my new machine over critically, or as critically as a woman can. What appealed to her chiefly of course was the gilt outlining on the framework and the monogram on the elevating plane, and she condescended to commend them both. Enid said nothing. "I think it is going to be fine," said Enid's mother, "and I do hope you will have a nice fly. I shall expect you both back to dinner at seven; and don't go too high, James: there are still the proprieties to consider."

Then Enid got in. She was very

prettily dressed in a close-fitting tailor-made gown and a hat that could not possibly catch the wind and get blown away, and I saw the mechanics standing round give her an admiring glance. There were two or three other acrobats on the stage, but none were quite as smart as my new Dexter & Banbury, and certainly none had got such a pretty passenger as I. I pulled the lever and let her slip down the slope, contented with myself, the world, and my machine.

We rose quickly and flew over the beach. A light breeze was stirring the tree-tops, and on the roads beneath us we could see one or two cumbersome motors dragging wearily their occupants to the city. The knowledge that there was plenty of business awaiting me at my office and that I had no right to be taking this holiday off only added zest to the outing. I listened to the throb of the engine, running as smoothly and easily as engine could, with a pure delight.

For a time neither of us spoke. I was too occupied with testing the different points of my new machine, its turning powers, its angles of dip, the ease with which it rose and fell. It was a great improvement on my old Bollen-dorf, which had done me such yeoman service for the last two years, and in which Enid and I had had such delightful trips together.

I couldn't help speaking my enthusiasm to my companion after I had just made a particularly sharp hairpin turn. "Isn't she a beauty, Enid?" I said. "The dear old Bollen-dorf wouldn't have done that, steady old flier though she was."

Enid was gazing fixedly into the infinity of space before her. "I didn't see any necessity for attempting it at all," she answered. "It simply took us half a mile out of our course. If any one else had done it, I should have said he was—showing off!"

I gave a little gasp. I knew that if any one was keen on aerobics and their different capabilities. Right, Enid was. Hadn't I initiated her into the

mysteries of them myself, and taught her so that she could drive one almost as well as I could? And here she was accusing me of showing off!

"I like that, Enid!" I exclaimed, "when I made that turn simply to amuse and please you."

"Trick driving?" she commented, with infinite scorn. And then she asked the question about the altitude, and received my reply. Afterwards there was another lengthy silence. We had passed over St. Albans, and were making for Leighton Buzzard. The day was a glorious one, and I watched the thin strings of smoke from the chimneys make their way eastward. I had planned out a very nice little round for the day, intending to lunch at an inn in Thrapston, where they have the best beef in the world, to go on through the Dukeries, and, finally, to have a fine, fast fly back in the cool of the evening. But with Enid as monosyllabic as she was, the prospect had lost some of its delight.

"All the same," I remarked, feeling that I must make conversation somehow, "considering that I have only had this machine out once before, she is going wonderfully well."

Beneath Enid's veil I could see the point of her rosy lips. "Oh! so you have had her out once before?" said she.

"Yesterday," I answered. "I wanted to tune her up a bit, so I went for a short spin."

"All by yourself, I suppose?"

"All by myself," I replied.

Enid did not speak for a moment, but her eyes were terribly angry. "That isn't the truth," she said suddenly.

I looked round at her quickly. "Enid what do you mean?" I exclaimed.

"Precisely what I say," she answered. "You weren't out by yourself."

I was on the point of making a heated reply at the idea of her daring to dispute my veracity, when I thought that it might be better to rehearse to myself my doings of the previous day. One did occasionally go out with a companion without re-

membering the fact accurately the next day. Then it suddenly occurred to me. I had gone out, it was quite true, by myself; but at the end of the fly, when I had returned to the Embankment landing-stage, I had seen Doris Applethorpe there, and at her request had taken her for a ten-minutes' spin, to show her how well the machine was going. Then I had returned her to terra firm safe and sound and had gone on my way rejoicing. After all, there was nothing very sinful in it, and we had made the shortest little excursion over the West End and Holland Park. Still there was

"It doesn't matter where I was," she answered. "It is sufficient that I saw you, and that I consider you behave disgracefully. You profess to be fond of me . . ."

"I am, Enid—I am."

" . . . to want to marry me . . ."

"I do, Enid—I do."

" . . . which, of course, you have not the slightest chance of doing, and yet you go out alone in an aero at mid-day in mid-summer with a girl who is old enough to be your mother . . ."

"She's only twenty-eight, Enid," I protested.



"YOU KNOW I AM GOING TO DO SO MUCH THING."

a trace of nervousness in my voice, I don't doubt, as I made my reply to Enid.

"You're quite right," I said. "I wasn't alone all the time, Enid, though I had completely forgotten the fact. For ten minutes I had a companion."

"Precisely. Doris Applethorpe!"

"Yes—Doris Applethorpe. I agreed; though I don't know how you know."

"I saw you," said Enid.

"Where were you, then?"

Enid showed a trace of nervousness herself when I asked the question. She tried to hide it in a flow of words.

" . . . and I haven't the slightest doubt flirt with her outrageously for, as you say, ten minutes. It's a scandal!"

"My dearest girl . . . I began."

"I'm not your 'dearest girl,'" said Enid.

"It's absurd to talk like that," I replied; "you know quite well that you are."

"If I were, you wouldn't go flying with other girls."

"But you have just confessed that the other girl is old enough to be my mother," I said.

I wondered what she would reply to that.

"You needn't think to exonerate your conduct by sophistries," she remarked loftily. "And really I think the discussion had better close. You will only get more deeply involved in excuses and prevarications."

I opened the throttle and let the aero whiz through the air at its full pace.

"Very well—just as you like," I replied angrily.

"And, under the circumstances, I think it would be as well if we immediately returned home," she decided.

"I'll do no such thing," I said. "I took this day off at immense personal inconvenience, and I intend to stay out until nightfall."

"If we were a little closer to the ground," said Enid, "I would jump."

I altered the elevating plane and we rose quickly another hundred feet. "You haven't the foolhardiness or—the courage," I remarked.

"Of course, you have me in your power," said Enid pathetically—"a woman always is in a man's power; but at least if you profess any gentlemanly feelings, you will kindly desist from speaking to me."

"I shall be only too glad," I answered.

Things could not go on like this for long. The idea of spending a whole day in Enid's company without speaking to her was unthinkable, but for the life of me I didn't know what to do. At last the solution occurred to me. We wouldn't go to Thrapston to lunch, but to Huntingdon, where Doris Applethorpe lived, and there the denouement could be fought out.

Doris had told me something the previous day which Enid did not know.

At Olney, therefore, I circled round to the right and made for the sleepy little town on the Ouse. At half-past twelve we were there, and the big white circle placed high on the top of a building announced to me the municipal aerodrome. We alighted

easily and got out of the car. Then, when I had given orders about the housing for a few hours, we went down the steps and into the town.

At last Enid spoke. I am sure she was, like myself, getting hungry. "This isn't Thrapston," she said.

"No; this is Huntingdon," I replied.

"Where?" she asked in alarm.

I repeated the information.

"Isn't Huntingdon where that—girl lives?"

"If you mean Doris Applethorpe, it is," I answered; "and what is more, we are going to lunch with her."

Enid stood still in the middle of the pavement. "You know I am going to do as such thing!" she exclaimed.

"The indignity of the suggestion!"

"If you are sensible, you will. You know you are hungry."

"Thank you; bread and cheese at an inn are sufficient for us."

"And a tankard of ale?" I suggested.

"Don't be vulgar," said Enid.

Curiously enough, we were at that moment in front of the Applethorpes' house, and through the hedge we saw Doris walking in the garden with a young fellow whom we all knew—Arnold Ross by name. They saw us too, and came rushing out. I explained our presence, finishing up by saying: "And we want lunch, please."

Doris, who didn't look a day older than five-and-twenty in her white muslin dress and garden hat, spoke up at once. "I should just thank you do. We are going in to it this minute. Enid, I do believe you look prettier than ever! It's horrid of you."

I looked at my second cousin once removed, and felt inclined to echo Doris's opinion. What Enid was thinking, I cannot tell. But I saw her glance at Arnold Ross and blush slightly, and though she was doubtless righteously enraged with Doris and me—one could see that by the way she held her chin in the air—she said no more about bread and cheese at the inn.

Lunch was a delightful repast. Old

Mr. Applethorpe, who is a widower, was there, and Doris did the honors of the table. She seemed amazingly happy to-day, and gave no sign of noticing, if she did notice, Enid's somewhat petulant quietness. The latter spoke not a word to me, but confined her remarks to the old gentleman and Arnold. But when lunch was over and we three men sat at the table over a cigarette and an extra glass of Moselle, the two girls strolled out into the garden together.

When we joined them half an hour later, I was a little surprised to notice that Enid had passed her arm through Doris's, that she was smiling happily and talking with the greatest animation. Something had happened, and I thought I could guess what. Then old Mr. Applethorpe disappeared into the summer-house for his afternoon siesta, and we four stood on the lawn together.

Arnold, who seemed a trifle nervous about something, as though he was the possessor of some secret he could not bring himself to the point of imparting, looked plaintively across at Doris. "Have you told Enid?" he asked.

"Yes, she has," said Enid, "and I am too happy for words. You dears."

"Why, what's happened?" I asked, putting on a look of blank astonishment.

"These two are engaged!" exclaimed Enid delightedly.

"You don't say so?" cried I. "Well, of all the pleasant pieces of news I could hear, this is the pleasantest."

Doris looked at me amazedly. "Boy, Jim," she said, "you know. Don't you remember yesterday, when we were up in—"

I knocked my foot against a croquet hoop close by and emitted a yell of pain.

"What?" said Enid.

"What?" echoed Arnold. They were both referring to Doris's uncompleted remark. I distracted their attention by the vigor of my expressions.

"Jim," said Enid, "I believe you are swearing."



"THEY CAME TO SEE US OFF"

"It's enough to make one," I replied, giving a glance at Doris for her thoughtless remark. Arnold might not like my aerial excursions with his fiancée. "Anyhow, I congratulate the two of you most—most heartily," and I shook hands in turn with them, very quickly.

Then we paired off. Doris and I. Enid and Arnold, and strolled along the path towards the paddock, but taking different ways.

"Jim," said my companion, "why did you knock your foot against the croquet hoop?"

"They will get so in the way."

"No, but the real reason?"

"Well, I didn't know if Arnold would like the idea of your accompanying me yesterday, even though it was only for a ten-minute trip, especially as you had only been engaged twenty-four hours."

Doris thought for a moment. Then she gave a sigh. "Men are so unreasonable . . ." she began.

"Aren't they?" I said.

" . . . and perhaps it was foolish of me to mention it."

"By the bye," I remarked, "where was Arnold lunching yesterday?"

"I don't know," said Doris. "I felt a little hurt about it. I hoped he would lunch with me, but he said he had an important business engagement which he couldn't get off."

I nodded and said no more. Round the next turning of the path we came across the other two. They were engaged in very earnest conversation, and I remembered that I had noticed Enid blush unnecessarily when she had met Arnold in the morning.

I looked at my watch. "Enid, it is time we were going," I said. "Dinner's at seven o'clock."

"Yes, I suppose we must," she answered. "And I have enjoyed myself."

They came to see us off and waved their handkerchiefs as we started down the plane. A little crowd of the townspeople were there as well, examining with interest my new ma-

chine. Aeroplanes were rare enough in the country districts to make their arrival somewhat of an event. They liked the comfortable red leather seats, the nickel-plated propeller, and the huge sidelights that looked like big eyes staring out of the head of some new-fangled bird.

We cut through the air swiftly, enjoying the finest of sensations that the ingenuity of man has devised for himself. For quite a long time we were content to say nothing, but at length Enid's mind flew back to our little quarrel of the morning.

"Jim, I don't think it makes your behavior much better," she said, "just because Doris happened to be engaged."

"Surely it does, Enid," I replied, not exactly knowing why.

"From my point of view perhaps, but not from Arnold's," Enid urged. "And anyhow, I think you might have told me that you knew about the engagement."

"If you remember, you said you preferred that there should be absolute silence between us. I gave in to your preference. But if you wish to reopen the subject, I am entitled to ask from what place you saw Doris and me."

Enid turned her head away. "Look at the sun over the hills, Jim," she said—"isn't it beautiful?"

"Lovely," I answered; "but it does not answer my question."

"Neither shall I," said Enid, after a pause, her face beginning to wear its determined expression.

"Then I will answer it myself. You were seated on the new terrace of the Savoy, lunching with Arnold. I knew he always lunched his friends there."

"Jim!" said Enid.

"Deny it, if you can," I replied.

She gave a scornful little laugh.

"Precisely! You can't," I said.

"Nice sort of behavior."

We flew on for another half-hour in a conversationless atmosphere. I had just cause of resentment against Enid, and it was only my kindness of heart that stopped me from express-

ing it. When we were within about five miles of Hampstead, however, Enid gave a sigh.

"Jim," she said, "don't you think that perhaps our—our two mistakes balance?"

"I am quite willing to say so," I answered. "Shall we do what children do?"

"What is that?"

"Kiss and make it up."

"I will make it up."

"And kiss?"

Enid lifted her veil from her face.

"Isn't it nice to feel the air on one's cheek?" she remarked.

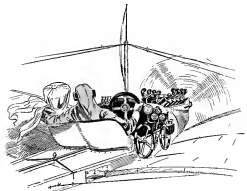
I kept one hand on the steering wheel, and with the other drew her towards me.

"There's something nicer than air, Enid," I said, and showed her that there was. After a moment she drew away again. "Enid," I urged, "don't you think that, after that, we might be engaged?"

"Engaged? Certainly not!" exclaimed Enid. "Why, that's only—a—"

"A what?" said I.

"A—a labial understanding," answered Enid.



"I KEPT ONE HAND ON THE STEERING WHEEL, AND WITH THE OTHER DREW HER TOWARDS ME."



THE TRAPPIST MONKS OF OKA



THE MONASTERY AND FARM AT OKA

## The Cheese-Making Monks of Oka

By  
FRANK YEIGH

SCATTERED throughout Canada are many curious religious communities, especially in the Province of Quebec—but there are none more curious or interesting than the settlements of the Trappist Monks. This strange brotherhood, with its curious views of life has three settlements in the Dominion—one in Nova Scotia, at Tracadie; one in the wilds of Northern Quebec, near the Lake St. John district, and a third on the banks of the Ottawa River, not far from Montreal. This monastic body is a branch of the Cistercian Order, and is named from the Village of Soligny-La Trappe, in the Department of Orme, France, where the Abbey of La Trappe was founded in 1140.

The rules of the order are noted for their extreme austerity, with long fasts, hard manual labor, practically perpetual silence, and a fleshly abstinence from many of the good things of the world.

The order was repressed in France

during the revolutionary period—its members escaping to Great Britain and America. There are two settlements of this order in the United States, one at Gethsemane, in Kentucky, and another at New Mallery, in Iowa. It is most interesting to visit one of these monasteries, such as one, for instance, as that near the Village of Oka, on the Ottawa River. The river steamer lands the would-be pilgrim at the wharf at Oka, where there is an odd little town, whose population is composed of French Canadians and Algonquin Indians. A large church and nurseries testify to the power of the Catholic church throughout French Canada.

Walking from the rustic wharf up the tree-lined main street of the place I caught sight of a creaking sign attached to a wayside inn. "Postillon de La Trappe" was the information conveyed to all who might read, and in the inn yard I soon found a tow-headed youth who acted as my driver



JOHN G. KREFFEL

to the realm of the White Monks, three miles inland. Over country road we went at almost a gallop, past the cosy white farm houses and the barns, past well-tilled fields of grain, in which women were working at harvesting, past quaint wayside crosses, until a sharp turn through a gateway brought us to the monastery.

There the ring of a bell awoke the echoes in the corridors, and a lay brother, clad in brown, appeared in response and acted as host and guide. The Trappists themselves are the superior order, the members of which are clad in white robes that reach to the feet, and belted around the waist with a rope girdle. On their feet are sandals, and their heads are shaven clean, except for a narrow rim of hair encircling the brow.

The brother in brown who met me was a representative of the 50 or more novitiates who live in the monastery and labor eight hours daily in the fields, over against the four hours' field work of the Trappists. Both sections, however, follow the strict regimen of the order.

The day begins at 2 a.m. Rising from his straw mattress, laid on the floor in an attic room, the Trappist commences his daily round of duties and of worship long before sunrise. Weird in the extreme is the sight of the monks gliding ghost-like in single file to their chapel, where for hours they engage in prayer. On the seats are placed very fine specimens of books of services, splendidly bound and richly illuminated in colors. The chants also sound weirdly in the still morn, and the effect is accentuated when the monastery bell peals out its rich tones.

But all the time of the Trappist is not given to prayer and meditation, although the greater part of the day is devoted to spiritual things. The Trappist is a farmer as well as a priest, and the Oka farm of 800 acres is one of the best tilled in that part of Canada. All kinds of grain are grown, an excellent vegetable garden is maintained, and a large orchard and vineyard adds picturesqueness to the rural scene. When the hour for farm work comes, the Trappist dons a working gown and, again in single file, march silently to their labor. Some are allotted to the gardens, where one may see them with great industry on their knees, not praying this time, but indulging in the more worldly occupation of weeding the onion bed or hoeing the turnips and carrots.

Another detachment is assigned to the large barn, for the Trappist is a stock-grower as well as an agriculturist. Rarely have I seen finer thoroughbred stock than the Percheron stallions and huge bulls there kept. The order owns at Oka several hundred cows, three hundred sheep and thirty-five horses.



WORKING IN THE GARDEN AT OKA

Adjoining the barn is the dairy, where a fancy cheese is produced that has a high reputation in the Montreal market, as has the claret and wines produced from the vineyards.

One would suppose that the Trappist would be justified in setting a well-laden table, but here comes their asceticism. Not only do they confine themselves to two meals a day, but their diet is of the simplest type. Meat forms no part of their menu, milk, vegetables and bread being their mainstay.

In the dining room I was invited to partake of a bowl of fresh milk and a square piece of bread, and both tasted exceedingly appetizing after the open air tour in charge of my brown-garbed guide. The tour of investigation revealed that the monks performed all the necessary work of the farm without any outside aid, except that rendered by some fifty young men who attend the agricultural school conducted by the order. Here a brother is at work in a carpenter shop; there at the blacksmith's anvil. At evening time another line of monks make their way with noiseless tread, each with pail in hand, to the cattle sheds, where the evening milking is

done. But all the work ends at eight o'clock at night, the long rows of mattresses are again occupied and the day's routine is done.

The most exacting prohibition among them is that of speech. Silence, without break or cessation, is a stern law that is not broken, excepting under



READY FOR MILKING

necessity, although this rule applies to the men in white, rather than to the neophyte. Exception is, of course, made to the rule of silence during the religious services.

The inevitableness of death is ever present in the minds of these recluses. They have as one of their mottoes the words "Remember Death," and the presence of the graveyard near their monastery and the sight as well of an open grave, is still another reminder to them of the mutability of all things earthly.

At last my visit came to an end. My kind friend in brown bade me a hearty good-bye, and I drove away from this odd little world within a world, this religious commune where self interest seems foreign and a strangely earnest devotion is apparent. One could not but wonder at the zeal and self-denial which leads a band of men to thus isolate themselves and the thought reassured itself that it takes a variety of humanity to make up the world.

The last glimpse I had of the home of the monks was of the two mountains that form a background to the farm. Near the summit of the hills, glistening white against the trees, stood out three chapels. There they have remained as landmarks for a century and a half, and to them on the festival day of the order, pilgrims by the thousands make their way to join their prayers with the monks of La Trappe.

The lesson of their lives should not be lost on a world far too prone to forget the eternal verities amid the countless occupations and pleasures of life. Some men may doubt or deny the value of such a way of living, but after all it has a counter-balancing effect on the world. Take away the recluse and there is a void which nothing else can fill. In their devotion to religion and in their industry, lie two compelling forces which merit respect and which are bound to make their influence widely felt.

## Every Man an Electric Runabout

By AGNES DEANS CAMERON  
From Popular Electricity

**YOU** are your own voltaic battery. Every man is an electric runabout. So says Dr. Andrew McConnell, president of the Society of Universal Science, who is himself electrifying New York and Boston with the basic theory that the life principle of man is no mystic fluid, but electricity pure and simple.

Discrediting the idea that we live and move and have our being through some mysterious life force breathed into us at birth and withdrawn at death, Dr. McConnell, a southern scientist, declares that the life energy is electricity generated within our bodies, applied and controlled by our wills.

What great advantage would there be in finding this true? It would bring all the laws of life under the workings of the well-known laws of electricity. Every man becomes at the same time his electric motor, his own electrical engineer.

For over a decade Dr. McConnell has devoted himself to medical-electro experimental research, with the result that he builds up these three hypotheses:

1. Life power is electricity and is therefore directed and controlled by the laws of electricity.
2. The amount of electricity in each man is the measure of that man's health and working power.
3. This life electricity can be increased at will and to any extent by the individual, and so health and long life are easily within the reach of every human being.

These contentions open up a fascinating field of thought. Especially in the realm of electricity does the wise man hesitate to say, "This is impossible," "That is absurd." The Unknown of to-day is the Known of to-morrow. A Franklin told us that there is electricity in the air, it took a Marconi to demonstrate that this air-electricity can carry wireless messages. A Galvani told us a century ago that there is electricity in every living creature. May it not be an Andrew McConnell who shall establish the fact that we can at once make, control, and apply that life-stream?

If Andrew McConnell can teach us how to turn on the electric current and charge our batteries—we already know that electricity can decompose anything—it would appear that all we will have to do, to keep our bodily organs at the highest efficiency, will be to make proper application of this dormant force.

Dr. McConnell disclaims having discovered much that is original but to have assembled a mass of proof from the experiments of others and linked his findings together in a chain of scientific reasoning to substantiate his theory. Here are some of his reasonings:

Every schoolboy knows of the experiment by means of which Galvani touched a dead frog to an electric machine and saw the muscles move as in life. Since Galvani's time numerous experiments have demonstrated that electricity contracts muscles. It is the electrical contract-



TRAPPIST MONASTERY AT MONTESSANT, QUEBEC



tion of muscles which produces all movements of the body.

Acids and alkalis cannot come together in a moist state without generating electricity. It is the union of the stomach acids and the alkalis of the saliva which makes the electricity that dissolves our food in the stomach; the stomach itself is a voltaic battery. When we say facetiously that certain hearts are reached through the stomach, we in a half-hearted way feebly state a psychological and electrical truth. Dr. McConnell maintains that we should be able to direct a current of bodily electricity to our stomach battery and so set the process of digestion merrily on its way. It is said that most of modern man's physical ailments proceed from faulty digestion. Make a man absolute monarch of his stomach and he can master his enemies and dominate his destiny. It is dyspepsia that makes suicides, curdles the milk of human kindness, and allows divorce-lawyers to buy big automobiles. Give the man with the undertaker face and the rabbit-skin chest-protector the secret of sending health-giving electric currents into his little digestive system and his dog will come out from hiding under the woodshed, his wife smile as she used to 20 years ago.

What part does the brain take in all this? Professor Munsterberg, of Harvard, demonstrates very clearly that the brain is an electric battery of the most potent and sensitive type; that it both receives and transmits electric thought-currents.

According to the fascinating Mc-

Connell theory each one of us is a moving voltaic battery, insulated by our skin, hair, nails, and the texture of our clothing; each organ within us is itself a complete electric battery, and all the life processes electrical. The expansion of the lungs and the separation of the oxygen from the air, the whole process of digestion, the heart action, the formation and chemical changes in the cells, the secretions of liver and kidneys, the five senses of smell, taste, sight, hearing, and touch; in fact every process essential to life is a simple electrical function.

Most men think themselves more vital than a fish, yet there are many varieties of fish which give electric shocks, give them when they want to, and direct them where they will. It is not a very up-to-date man who is willing to take second place to the thunder-fish of the Nile, the torpedo-fish of the Mediterranean, or the electric eel of South American rivers. A one-horse man is a poor specimen. An historic American in the midst of a hot political campaign was glowingly characterized as "a whole team and a dog under the wagon"; yet with the power of a few electric eels at his disposal, properly directed, he would be this and more.

It would be a poor-spirited "human," Dr. McConnell says, who would refuse to take hold and run the machine when a scientist tells him that, without knowing it, he is the owner of a great splendid touring-car more delicately adjusted, more potent than the shiny and expensive one that whizzes along the city boulevards.



HE HAD REALIZED THAT HE WAS HOPELESSLY IN THE TOLL AND COULD NOT ESCAPE UNTIL HE HAD PARTED WITH EVERY PENNY HE POSSESSED

## Gutch of the Stock Exchange

By PAUL URQUHART

Illustrated by Sydney Seymour Lucas

### I.

THE "bears" had been caught "short," and everybody in the House—except Loder's broker, that is—was very sorry for them. The group of men standing by the chocolate and apple stall in Shorter's Court involuntarily bent their heads and stared at the flagstones, as if a bear were driving by, when Arthur Saville came out of No. 3 door.

"Poor beggar!" they murmured as

he passed, his face drawn and haggard, speaking no word to anyone.

Walter Loder had brought off a "rig" of the most complete and successful order. His exact connection with the Invigorator had never been explained, but everyone knew that he was the leading spirit in the flotation of that notorious patent medicine known as Kirk's Invariable Invigorator. The Invigorator was a household word, as the advertisement said



with considerable truth. Kirk, in his lifetime, had boasted that he spent three-quarters of a million a year in advertising. There was not a spot in the country where the name did not appear. You found it on mountains; it glared at you from sky-signs in red and green and yellow. The trailers of an entire fishing village in the West Country bore the legend of the Invigorator on their sails when they went to sea. All along the main lines of the kingdom weary passengers gazed on one continuous succession of boardings, setting forth the qualities of the Invigorator. What diseases it could not cope with were unknown to the medical profession; from housemaid's knee to smallpox it was an inevitable cure. Suffering humanity owed a debt to Kirk, according to Kirk; and it must be allowed to the credit of Kirk that he saw that humanity paid it—with interest at about 10,000 per cent.

In his looser moments—and towards the end of his triumphal career in this world Kirk had several looser moments—this benefactor of mankind would confess that his recipe was one drop of strychnine and ten stone of old iron to a gallon of water. As the quarter-pint bottles of the Invigorator were sold for 2s 1½d, his profits may be readily gauged.

Walter Loder had offered the public the right of becoming proprietors in this universal panacea by placing on the market 35,000 £10 shares in the Invigorator Company, Limited. Before the allotment took place, the shares were quoted at a premium of 30s. As the price asked for the concern was considered excessive, several speculators in the House put in their applications in the ordinary way, and sold against them at the market premium without waiting to receive their allotment papers.

This was Loder's opportunity. The "bears" must get the shares they had sold, to deliver them to their purchasers. They wanted in all 30,000 shares; Loder allotted them 10,000. The balance of 35,000 shares stood in

the share register against the names of his nominees. Clamoring for the deficit of 20,000 shares, the "bears" approached Loder. He met them with a smile of sweet reasonableness. They could have the shares—most certainly; they could have the whole block of 20,000—no difficulty about it at all. And the price was a mere song—simply £20 a share. The "bears" laughed—a little uneasily, perhaps—and said it wasn't altogether a bad joke for Loder. Loder confessed engagingly that he himself had thought the situation not entirely devoid of humorous possibilities. He was asked to name the real price. He seemed surprised, and declared he thought he had mentioned it a few seconds before. It was £20 a share. That was the price to-day, at least; to-morrow it would be £30. The "bears" went away growling. The older hands hastened to purchase at the ruling price. But the younger speculators held out; they were not going to be robbed.

Among the number was Arthur Saville. He had sold 1,500 shares and had been allotted only 500. Day after day he waited, thinking that the "rig" must break, and day after day Loder put up the price £20 to per share, until at last it stood at £60. To make good his shortage of 1,000 shares, Saville would have to pay Loder £60,000, losing over the transaction £47,500. He had realized that he was hopelessly in the toils, and that he could not escape until he had parted with every penny he possessed.

Automatically Saville made his way through the crowded streets to a little grey paved courtyard, and turned into the office of his friend, Coverley Gutch. To go to Gutch when he was in business difficulties was fairly futile; for Gutch was regarded notoriously as the most unbusiness-like jobber in the House. But Gutch was his friend, and Saville needed at that moment the comforting moral support of a friend, rather than the advice of a business man. The horse was already out of the stable, and it was

useless to bother about shutting the door.

"Gutch, I'm ruined."

He threw the words like a challenge at the man, who stood with his big, six-foot body bent over a glass case. Coverley Gutch turned a sullen, jolly, schoolboyish face to gaze for a second at his visitor.

"Ab-so-lute-ly?" he questioned, in a hearty, matter-of-fact tone of voice. Saville nodded dearily.

"Yes, you look it, I say—have you seen my what? They can only grow one gallon to every ten square feet in Denmark, and I'm getting a tenth of a gallon here on a square foot. That's so, Walker, isn't it?"

He turned excitedly to the third man in the room—a man of about forty-two, with the unmistakable build of an old soldier.

"Happen, Mr. Gutch, if we keep on seasin' 'em with that there liquid muck."

He gazed with eyes of unquestioning faith at the eight ill-looking green shoots that protruded through the black soil under the glass case.

"Hello, Arthur! Whatever is the matter, old chap?"

Saville had sunk into a chair and buried his white, drawn face in his hands.

Gutch crossed the room and put one of his big hands on Saville's shoulder. The momentary attitude of protection was significant of the relations between the two men. Ever since their Cambridge days, Coverley Gutch, the athlete, the Rugby football "blue," had been the friend and protector of the other, whose very weaknesses had appealed to his more virile nature.

"Tell us all about it, old chap?"

In broken sentences Saville laid bare the details of his ruin. Standing behind him, Gutch listened, gazing at the mirror that hung on the opposite wall, and absently fingering the violently colored Japanese tie—yellow spots on a red background—which he wore. When Saville had finished, Gutch broke into a long-drawn whistle, which culminated, quite unexpectedly, in a

perfectly rendered performance of the first part of the overture from "Pinafore." He stopped abruptly, with a shame-faced glance at the stolid countenance of Walker.

"Sorry," he muttered, under his breath, and finding that his lips were framing themselves for another performance, he began to walk up and down the room.

"So Loder's worked this 'rig,' has he? It's of no harm's consequence to the world, of course, but I think he's a dirty scoundrel. Remember Lieutenant Walter Loder, George?"

"Aye, lead; that I do," retorted Walker in his homely Yorkshire. "Wanted to break me cozzin' back in ship after I'd served twenty-one years. If it hadn't been for you—"

"That'll do, George, thank you. Your habit of yarning is turning you into another Bill Adams."

Walker scratched his head, and was understood to say "that he had never heard tell on Bill Adams"; all he recollected was that, coming home from the war, on getting his discharge, he had found himself in the same troopship with that contingent of Imperial Yeomanry in which Gutch was a corporal and Loder a lieutenant. For some petty offence Loder had placed him on the punishment list. It would have been the only mark against him on his papers after twenty-one years' exemplary service, but it was enough to ruin his chances in civil life. Gutch, indignant at the unfairness of it all, had, in handing the charge-list to the orderly sergeant, allowed the wind to carry this record of petty offences out to sea. Walker had escaped, and by way of showing his gratitude, had demanded employment of Gutch. In due course he was installed as handy-man and manager of the intensified culture farm, which was Gutch's one hobby—unless a weakness for Japanese ties could be so designated.

"Of course, we must break Loder—that's settled. Pull your socks up, Arthur, and look pleasant."

Saville turned a face of utter misery to his friend.

"It's all very well for you to be so jolly cheerful," he said, viciously, "but I am ruined; and there's more than that behind it all. Loder's making the running with Mary through her brim of a stepmother, and I shall lose her and everything I care for in the world."

Gutch got through three bars of the "Pilgrim's Chorus" before he could check himself.

"That'll be all right, Arthur; don't you worry—I'll manage it."

"You? Why, you know as much about business as a cat. Loder could run rings round you every time. Don't talk rot!"

"I know I'm a fool at business," said Gutch quietly, "ab-so-lute-ly; but there's always my luck. You clear off, Arthur, and go and knock a ball about on the links. It'll brace you up."

Saville dragged himself wearily from the room. Quite unwittingly he had been accustomed for years to follow his friend's directions. That afternoon he gave the worst exhibition of golf that had ever been seen at Wembley.

Left alone, Gutch sent his clerk out with certain instructions. Half an hour later he was reading some pencilled notes, setting forth the names of the shareholders, together with a list of their holdings, in the Invigorator Company, Limited.

"It's ab-so-lute-ly rotten, George," he said to his handyman, when the latter brought in his tea; "but you'll have to make up that bed on the farm yourself tonight. I'm full up with business."

## II.

Crabbe House—called after the old poet, who used to visit there in the early days of the nineteenth century—stood in the middle of Hampstead Heath, surrounded by beeches, pines, and silver birches. It was a magnificent specimen of Georgian architecture, the envy of all lovers of the beautiful, and the pet antipathy of Mrs.

Allan. A smart residence in Kensington Palace Gardens, or a pill-box at a rental of £200 a room, overlooking the Park, was the dream of her life. To be saddled with this "old, crazy barracks, bored her stiff," she said, in her American way. That her stepdaughter, Mary, adored it tended to increase the secret aversion she felt for her dead husband's only child.

Mrs. Allan was thirty-two, and her stepdaughter twenty-two, and therefore to be regarded, according to Mrs. Allan's code, as a rival. What she could do to make herself unpleasant she did. Every wish, every opinion that Mary expressed she opposed. Because Mary had a weakness for Arthur Saville she practically forbade him the house by a system of veiled insults and bitter sarcasms that touched the tender-hearted stockbroker to the quick. Because Mary had expressed a dislike for Walter Loder, Loder was always a welcome guest at Crabbe House, and Mrs. Allan did everything possible to forward his suit. She was never tired of dinning in the girl's ears her doctrine of materialism. Loder had money, made money, and had a trick of attracting money into his banking account, and was altogether the ideal personage. She knew a "sure thing" when she saw it, and Loder was going to be a billionaire, "mark her words." On the other hand, Arthur Saville was no better than "the change out of a two-cent piece." When Loder, for the purposes of his "rig," allotted Mary 15,000 shares in the Invigorator Company, she regarded it as the noblest expression of a man's love of which the world had record. Mary took the shares for the sake of peace, quite careless of their value, and almost ignorant of what they meant.

The haze of a summer night had fallen over the Heath. Lovers, sitting on seats and beneath gorse bushes, under the friendly shadow of the darkening sky, allowed themselves a freer expression of their beliefs in the idyllic beauty of their respective Helens. Jane, the under-housemaid at

Crabbe House, had snatched an odd half-hour to chat with an amorous butcher's boy. Having watched her swain depart, until the glow of his lighted Woodbine had vanished in the growing darkness, she was about to return to her duties, when her steps were stayed by the sudden appearance of a tall man from behind the barricade of bushes that stood near the side entrance to the grounds.

"Emily," said the man, coming to-

she. Besides, Ermyntude was the invariable name of all the stately Norman-blooded heroines of her particular taste in literature.

"Garn!" she said, implying by the tone she used, rather than the expression itself, that his company was far from displeasing.

"I want you to do something for me; you're such a nice girl that I am sure you'll do it."

"Well—perhaps."



HALF AN HOUR LATER HE WAS READING THE NAMES OF THE SHAREHOLDERS

wards her with quick strides. "don't go away; I want to speak to you."

"Go on, impudence; my name isn't Emily."

"It ought to be Ermyntude," said the man, insinuatingly.

She could see him quite clearly now. He was very well dressed in dark tweed, with a tie, as she explained afterwards, "a lovely duck of a thing, all yellow spots and red." She had no intention of going away, not

"I knew you would. I want you to ask Miss Allen to come out and meet me here—without letting anybody know, of course."

Jane scented a romance.

"My! do you want to keep company with her?"

The engaging stranger took something from his pocket and put it in her hand. Jane saw it was a sovereign, and called him "Sir" after that.

"There's somebody else a-courting

of her, sir. But between you and me and the gate-post, I don't think Miss Mary sets much store on him. He's with her now—Mr. Loder."

The stranger started to whistle something, and then stopped.

"Ah! Mr. Walter Loder. Well, like the nice girl you are, you give her my message. Say I come from Mr. Saville. I'll wait in there behind the shrubbery."

Jane set off at once on her errand, and Cowerley Gutch took up his position in the shrubbery that flanked the drive. He waited about ten minutes. Presently he heard footsteps, and the sound of voices coming from the direction of the house. Gradually, as the sounds came nearer, he could distinguish what was being said.

"You refuse to believe me, then, Miss Allan?"

It was Loder speaking—speaking in that clear, impressive voice which had swayed so many meetings of angry shareholders.

"If you mean that I don't think Mr. Saville is a gambler and a 'waster,' as you call him—no, I don't."

"I am sorry. It was your own peace of mind I was thinking of. I wished to save you the shock of learning the truth later. Arthur Saville is ruined, hopelessly ruined."

Gutch, through the leaves, saw Mary Allan start. She spoke hesitatingly.

"Ruined—how?"

"By gambling and a course of wild speculation that is nothing more than criminal. Before another month is out he will be hammered on the Stock Exchange, and his brief business career will end in dishonor. And this is the man you have set your affections on!"

"Even if it were true, I love him."

She spoke quietly and with dignity, betraying neither by voice nor manner anything of the deep emotions that her words signified. Loder seemed to watch her closely.

"Well, well, Miss Allan, I won't say anything more about him. Perhaps in time you will think different-

ly. You know I love you—you know—"

She made a little despairing motion of protest with her hand.

"Mr. Loder—please—don't."

"I won't say anything more, as you wish it. Just one thing I had forgotten, before I say good-night. Would you mind letting me have that transfer? You have signed it, haven't you?"

"Yes, I have signed it."

"It seems a shame to bother you, especially as it is all due to my own carelessness. I should have got you to sign a transfer when I allotted you the shares; but I was so anxious you should have them, and have an interest in what is a very sound investment that I quite overlooked the matter. It's for purely technical reasons that I want to hold the transfer; the shares, of course, are yours. May I come back to the house with you and get it?"

She was staring contemplatively at the gravelled drive, and for a few seconds she made no answer.

"I will say good-night now, Mr. Loder. I have changed my mind about transferring the shares."

Gutch with difficulty suppressed an almost uncontrollable desire to whistle a triumphant march. For a second it seemed something had stirred the depths of Loder's emotions.

"You are talking nonsense, Miss Allan. You haven't paid a penny piece for the shares, and they really belong to me."

"You told me they were mine, and you told my stepmother that they were worth far more than their face value. It is true I don't want them, and never did want them, but they might be of use to Mr. Saville."

Loder gave vent to a long-drawn "Ah!"

"This is utter nonsense. I am not going to have my business ruined by such an absurdity. I shall see your stepmother, Miss Allan."

Without another word he strode past her back to the house, leaving Miss Allan standing with hands tightly



SUDDENLY AN IRON GRIP FASTENED UPON HIS NECK.

clenched and downcast eyes. Gutch waited till the sound of the footsteps on the gravel had ceased, and then pushed his way through the barrier of laurels.

"Ab-so-lute-ly fine, Miss Allan." The girl started, looking with frightened wonder at the huge figure of the man who stood before her.

"Are you the gentleman who has a message for me from Mr. Saville?"

"I haven't a message, but I want to see you in his interest. I am Gutch—Coverley Gutch, a very old friend of Arthur's. You don't mind, I hope; but I could not help overhearing all that fellow said."

"Was it true?"

"Well, partly. It's of no consequence in the world, of course, but Walter Loder's a dirty scoundrel. He's caught Arthur short. Poor old fellow, he's sold a thousand more Invigorators than he's got, and to deliver them to the people who have bought them he's got to buy them himself from Loder, and Loder intends to make him pay any fancy price he likes. Arthur'll be ruined unless you help him."

"Oh, Mr. Gutch, how can I help him? I would do anything in the world—"

"Ab-so-lute-ly—of course you would. What's more, you hit upon the very plan of doing it. I found that you'd been allotted 15,000, and was coming to you to make the same suggestion as you proposed to that fellow just now."

"Take the shares, Mr. Gutch, if that will save Arthur."

"I have got a little plan in my head, Miss Allan, to get Arthur out of this mess, and to teach Mr. Walter Loder the sort of lesson he has been wanting this long while. If you'll give me a 'call option' on your shares at £12 apiece—that is to say, give me the right to buy them at that price by next settling day—that's a fortnight from now, I'll square the whole thing. It sounds rather like asking you to give me a million and a half at the present price of Invigorators, but you'll stand to make a profit, and if I am to euvre

Loder I must control the whole block."

She held out her hand to him gratefully.

"Thank you—thank you, Mr. Gutch. I trust you implicitly."

"That's all right, ab-so-lute-ly. Now about this transfer; crafty old fox, Loder—forgot to get your transfer when he allotted you the shares. He's frightened now of any leakage. If anybody else got your shares, he'd be in trouble. You must tear up that transfer you've signed, otherwise we shan't be able to do much. Let me have it, and I'll do it myself. There wasn't be any mistake."

"Come up with me to the house. The paper is in my sitting-room. I can let you in through the French windows."

She turned as she spoke, and Gutch followed. Halfway up the drive she struck across a little path that led over the lawn to the side of the house. Suddenly she stopped, and put a trembling hand on Gutch's arm.

"Look," she whispered, "there's a light in my room. Nobody ever goes there except myself."

Gutch moved quickly, with the soft tread of the trained athlete, towards the large French windows from which there poured a stream of light. The blinds were not drawn. Standing in the shadow, with Miss Allan by his side, he could see into the room.

There were two persons there, Loder, and a tall, stylishly-dressed woman, whom Gutch guessed to be Mrs. Allan. Loder had a poker in his hand, trying to force upon the escrime in which Mary Allan kept her papers. Even as they looked, the lid sprang back. Mrs. Allan laughed, and said something which they could not hear. Then both of them began turning over the papers. Presently, Loder opened a folded sheet, which Gutch could see, from the red wafers with which it was dotted, was the transfer Mary Allan had signed.

They saw Loder smile blandly at Mrs. Allan, and put away the paper in his pocket-book. In another moment

the electric light was switched off, and the two conspirators had left the room.

"Go back into the house," Gutch whispered. "I'll settle with Mr. Walter Loder, don't you worry."

Miss Allan obeyed his directions without another word. Left alone, Gutch ran quickly down the drive. Near the gate, a huge cedar cast its shadow over the garden. Here it was quite dark, now that the night had come. Not even the white glow of a sky of stars pierced the blackness. Coverley Gutch pressed himself closely against the garden wall. To the left of him was the gate; to the right, the fringe of laurel bushes, and above him the great sweeping arms of the cedar.

A man came swinging down the drive, humming to himself, evidently well pleased with the world. It was Loder. He hesitated a moment at the gate, fumbling with the latch. Suddenly an iron grip fastened upon his neck. In a second he was flung like a sack of flour on his back. Before he could utter a sound or cry for help, somebody sat deliberately on his face, making speech impossible. He gorged helplessly like a drowning man. He felt the pocket of his coat being rifled. For five seconds, perhaps, he lay there helpless; then his assailant leapt to his feet, and seising him, before he even thought of struggling, flung him incontinently among the laurel bushes.

He heard the swing of the gate and the sound of a man running; but he could see no one. Shaking and trembling, he struggled to his feet. Instinctively his hand went to his breast-pocket. His pocket-book was still there. He took it out, feeling among the papers. A little cry escaped him, and he ran, staggering like a drunken man, out of the shadow of the cedar into the white light of the stars. There he peered closely at the papers in his book. The transfer was gone!

### III.

Though the House was crowded with jobbers and their clerks, "things"

were very quiet. Business was being transacted with prosaic method and dispatch. In the general atmosphere of relaxation, the idlers gave themselves up to practical joking. A good-natured elderly man with a bald head, surrounded by six or seven of the younger members, was listening with as much composure as possible to the singing of "There is No Parting There." In another quarter of the House, a broker, his cheeks suffused with blushes, was being followed by a small group chanting "The Power of Love," to commemorate his approaching nuptials.

When Coverley Gutch entered, there was no trace of his adventure of the previous night in his beaming, good-natured face. He stood the volley of chaff with which his tie was greeted—a fantasy of blue and yellow with red and white spots—with unflinching calm. As he made his way through the House, a broker stopped him.

"I say, Gutch, you're a friend of Arthur Saville's, what's happened to him? Yesterday he was looking as blue as blazes, and everybody was saying that he'd got caught in this infernal Invigorator 'rig,' and prophesying that he'd be hammered within the next fortnight. He looked as if it was true, too, quite broken up—and now he's himself again all right."

"Peri-aps he's been drinking the inviolable Invigorator. Doesn't every purchaser of shares get a bonus of so many bottles?"

The broker laughed, and with a friendly nod continued on his way.

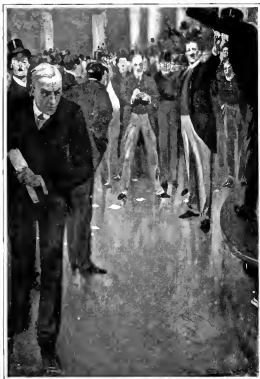
Gutch strolled leisurely down to that space on the floor devoted to the Miscellaneous market, exchanging a smile and a word with many a man in passing. Harding, Loder's broker, was standing there.

"What are Investigators this morning, Harding?"

"No to-day, and they'll be up ten points more to-morrow. Don't say you've been caught 'short.'"

"Ab-so-lute-ly no! I've got more of the beastly things than I want."

Harding winked.



THE EXCITEMENT BECAME TREMENDOUS AS THE SHAKES COSTUMED BARBING

## GUTCH OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE

"You don't pull my leg, Gutch."

"Fact, really! I've two thousand I want to get rid of this moment. But nobody will buy them. Say they're waiting till the committee interferes."

"But the committee won't interfere."

"That's what I told them, but they wouldn't believe it. You'd better buy them, Harding."

Harding shook his head.

"Well, if you don't, I shall offer them at a lower price to some unfortunate victim, and deprive Mr. Walter Loder of quite a handsome portion of his legitimate profits. It's a pity to spoil a good 'rig,' there's been nothing like this since Warner came over from America to teach us a thing or two."

Harding called his clerk to him, and whispered something in his ear that sent him flying from the room. Ten minutes later he returned and spoke to his principal.

"I'll buy that lot at 110," Harding said to Gutch.

Gutch clinched that bargain with a nod, and then lolled nonchalantly out of the House.

Next day was settling day. Gutch delivered the 2,000 Invigorators, and Harding's cheque for the amount was duly passed through his bank. On the morrow, Gutch appeared as buoyant and untroubled as usual. He talked so much about intensified culture that his friends fled from him in a veritable panic. Somebody asked him why he wasted his time in the daily farce of appearing in the House, and didn't devote his whole attention to the cultivation of cabbages and slugs.

At about one, he strolled over to the "Palmerston" to lunch, where he ate a beef-steak and drank a tankard of bitter beer with his usual equanimity. Afterwards he played a hundred up at billiards with his friend. Subsequently these trivial details were recalled.

It was a little after two when he turned once more towards the House. Halfway there he chanced on Loder, dressed immaculately, hurrying in the

direction of Harding's office. The two men had not spoken since their return from South Africa. Gutch had invariably cut Loder dead when they met, but to-day he seemed in an unusually expansive mood.

"Hullo, Loder," he said, stopping in front of him and practically barring his progress along the narrow pavement, "how are Invigorators?"

"I only discuss my business with people whom it concerns."

"Quite right, ab-so-lute-ly. By the way, Loder, do you remember how I lost that charge-sheet on our way back from the Cape? I did it to save that poor devil of a Tommy who had gone through twenty-one years' service without a mark until he met you. I never told you that, did I? He works on my intensified culture farm. You should come up and see him. He'd be delighted to show you round."

"I've no wish to continue the conversation. I've something better to do than waste my time talking to men of your stamp."

Loder made as if to step into the roadway and pass the other. Gutch put out a restraining arm.

"I say, Loder, I want to ask you one question before you go. Don't be in such an infernal hurry, man. It is not often we have time for a pleasant little chat. I say, why do you think Arthur Saville is a gambler?"

Loder wrenched his arm free.

"Look here, Mr. Coverley Gutch, I've had all the conversation I want with you. Just take this bit of advice, don't interfere with my business."

"That's strange now, ab-so-lute-ly. You mean Invigorators, don't you? I promised myself this very afternoon quite—well, if you must be going, so long."

Gutch watched Loder turn point blank on his heels, without another word, and hurrying across the street, disappear into the offices of Harding & Langley. With a smile of placid contempt, he continued his leisurely stroll down Threadneedle Street, and

entered the House. He sought out Saville.

"Come along, old chap, and watch the fun. When I put my pencil in my mouth, you buy."

It was three o'clock when Gutch walked into the Miscellaneous market. As if by telepathy, the House seemed immediately to realize that something was in the wind. A small crowd collected which grew larger and larger. Men stood up on the seats that surround the pillars and run

more at 90. Harding bid 70. A nod from Gutch and they were his. Again another 100 were offered at the lower price, and Harding, anxious and concerned, bought at ten points lower.

The excitement became tremendous, as the shares continued sagging. At 30 Harding again bid and was promptly supplied. He was very uneasy, though his face masked his emotions. Through his clerk he communicated with Loder on the 'phone. From what followed it was clear that the promo-

ing. Instead, Loder's broker offered them a point lower. Gutch dropped to 35; Harding promptly capped him at 34. Five points at a time, Gutch lowered the price, Harding offering a point lower. At 25 there was a rally. Some of the "bears," anxious to get out of a dangerous situation, bought at this price. But this stability was only temporary. By a quarter to four Invigorators were finding buyers at 15. At ten minutes to four they stood at par.

Then they collapsed with the velocity of an avalanche. Five minutes before the closing of the House, Gutch was offering them at ten shillings. As he did so, he casually put his gold pencil-case to his mouth. Saville, anxiously awaiting the signal that they had touched bottom, bid for one thousand and was promptly supplied.

If the scene in the House was extraordinary, it paled before the excitement that prevailed when Coverley Gutch struggled out of No. 10 door into Threadneedle Street amidst a seething mass of jobbers and brokers. Walter Loder, who had been waiting there, hearing his fate from minute to minute through the medium of Harding's unauthorized clerk, was almost swept off his feet by the rush. He made his escape with difficulty. The bitterness of his defeat was not assuaged by the sight of a motor-car which was waiting in the street. As

he passed it his eyes met those of the girl, sitting there alone. She looked through him and past him, so it seemed. His own gaze sought the pavement, and he hurried on quicker, realising that he had lost not only a fortune, but all hope of making Mary Allan his wife.

When Gutch got back to his house on the outskirts of Hendon that night, after a quiet dinner at the Savoy with Saville and Mary Allan, he made an account with the stump of a pencil on an envelope. A rough estimate of his "deal" in Invigorators showed that he had made a profit not far short of £60,000. After a consideration of these figures he allowed himself the luxury of whistling selections from the triumphal march in Tannhäuser.

"George," he said to his handyman, when the latter came to receive his instructions for the morrow, "we'll add those ten acres to the farm."

"It'll cost thee nigh on £16,000, Mr. Gutch!"

"We'll risk it, George. I've just had a bit of luck and cleared £57,000."

Walker's eyes opened wide and he scratched his head reflectively, gazing the while at his master. Then at last he spoke.

"Tha's happen not the fool soon folk tak' thee for, Mr. Gutch."

Which was a compliment, coming from George Walker.



HIS OWN GARDEN BOUGHT THE FAVORITE

along the side of the walls, straining their necks to catch a glimpse of the battle royal that suddenly sprang up between Gutch and Harding.

As soon as Gutch entered the market, he began to offer in his stentorian voice 100 Invigorators at Loder's price, 110. Harding, anxious to support the market against Gutch, and prevent the collapse of the "rig," bid for 100 at 90. Still wearing his indolent, good-natured smile, Gutch sold him them. Then he offered 100

ter of the Invariable Invigorator Company smelled a rat. It was obvious into what quarter Mary Allan's 15,000 shares had found their way. His instructions to Harding were to withdraw his support from the market and get out of the position on the best terms possible. There were the 2,000 at 110 to be made good.

Something like a cheer went up from the excited crowd when Gutch offered Invigorators at 40, and there was no answering bid from Hard-

System consists in the practice of selecting for each department of an enterprise the right ability for that work and holding this man at all times responsible for results.—H. W. Kinkaid.

## The Guerdon of Walking

PEDESTRIANISM is rather a fine art than a means of locomotion. He who uses his legs is thereby enabled to use his eyes. Nature in all moods is the companion of him who walks. A network of sun and shadow, or a maze of muddy pools, lies before his feet. His cheek feels the impact of kindly breezes or harsher rain. The bend in the road lures him onward and fills him with peaceful conjecture. A pleasant comrade at his side seems not amiss to most, though Hazlitt and Stevenson cast their voices against it, declaring that the full flavor of a walking tour is best tasted in solitude. Stevenson better analyzes moods, but Hazlitt is the more lyric. He was among the first of Anglo-Saxon blood to sing the open road. He feels its intoxication. He cries:

"Give me the clear blue sky over my head and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three hours' march to dinner—and then to thinking! It is hard if I cannot start some game on these lone heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy. From the point of yonder rolling cloud, I plunge into my past being, and revel there, as the sun-burnt Indian plunges headlong into the wave that wafts him to his native shore. These long-forgotten things, like "sunken wrack and sunless treasures," burst upon my eager sight, and I begin to feel, think, and be myself again."

To be one's self is, after all, the great thing. The dweller within walls is to-day offered countless chances to see Nature. He may also limber up his muscles by various means. But to combine the two; there is a rare privilege. To hobnob with the outdoor world, to catch new vistas, to stray whither one will across the countryside, to feel an unwanted thrill pulsing along taut sinews, and at the same time, avoiding the stress of competitive sport, to preserve a peaceful mind—this is the guerdon of walking.

The humble mode of walking contains the germ of elemental happiness. It will be well when many, with Thomas Randolph, say:

Come, *aper away*,  
I have no patience for a longer stay,  
But must go down.  
And leave the chargeable noise of this great town.  
I will the country see.

—*Post Magazine.*



SECTION OF A FOUR-ACRE STRAWBERRY PATCH IN THE KOOTENAY,  
FROM WHICH 8,000 OF BEERES' WASTAKES, IN ONE SEASON

## From Golden Ore to Golden Fruit

By

EDGAR WILLIAM DYNES

WHO has not heard of the Kootenay? Very few, I dare say.

It has been extensively advertised in two ways. First, by the wealth of its bona fide mines, and secondly, by the industry of the wildest promoters who victimized an easy public with Kootenay flotations of exceedingly doubtful value. Since it went on the map back about '93 and '94 it has been staying on rather industriously. It gave the world one of the greatest mining booms it has ever seen and was a high-stepper on fake bonanzas, only taking second place when Cobalt went it one better. But it has always been known as the abiding place of the delvers of the hills—a mining country through and through.

Now I am about to tell you that the Kootenay of to-day is a fruit country, as well.

The Kootenay a fruit-growing country!

It sounds strange, doesn't it? If it were a tale of a new strike or a stampede to some new, hitherto unexplored camp, it would not appear unnatural. But the Kootenay a fruit-growing country? Now, don't you mean the Okanagan, or the Fraser valley, or Vancouver Island?

It is true. There can no longer be any doubt about it. As late as two years ago there were still doubters—perhaps knockers is a better word. It couldn't be done, they said. The Kootenay was a mining country, first, last,





WAY AND FITTY RANCH USE MILL NORTH OF ROSELAND IN THE KOOTENAY

and all the time. But to grow fruit?—never!

But the doubts have vanished, the knockers are asleep, while the results are appearing—have appeared. Trees are bearing prize-winning fruit, and only three years from the bosomy rows of the nursery. Stawed Englishmen over in London say that a Kootenay red apple is a good thing to moisten a dry palate and they call for more. Earl Grey admits that a fruit ranch in Kootenay looks good to him and his son thinks the same, while they both back it up by buying two choice blocks of fruit land with a frontage on that magnificent sheet of water—Kootenay Lake.

It is unnecessary to remark that there were pioneers in the business. For a long time these pioneers, brave, courageous fellows, simply sawed wood and never said a word. It would take time, and they knew it. It takes three years for a tree to come into bearing, even in the Kootenay, and the best part of ten for an orchard

to reach its best. Mining is swifter, but not so sure. A few ambitious prospectors scratched the rock-topped hills of Kootenay and discovered the shining metals which have dazzled the eyes of the world. Results came in a day. But not so the fruit business. There are long years of waiting. It is slower, but surer. A rich lead may pinch. The dividend-paying vein may disappear amid a whole mountain side of country rock. But the glare of the big red apple comes once a year to gladden the heart of the man who works with a pruning hook and shears, instead of hammer and drill.

If we eliminate the stories of the early placer finds, the beginnings of the fruit industry date farther back than the beginnings of the mining industry. It was in 1885 that Hall and White left Cobble on a wild goose chase, prospecting tour, and, a few weeks later, stumbled on the lead of the famous Silver King, which lifted a few servy Englishmen to the plane

of millionaires, giving birth to the smart little mining city of Nelson, which nestles like a bird on the edge of Kootenay Lake. In 1885, one year before, W. H. Covert located a pre-emption close to the present town of Grand Forks, and, after bringing in some fruit trees from Spokane on the back of a cayuse, followed Adam's example and started in the fruit business. To-day he has a beauty spot that a Yankee journalist down in Missouri said was worth while coming all the way to see. And a Missouri man has to be shown, too.

Covert didn't have any noticeable competition for a long time. Everybody thought that he was a fool, and he was just wise enough to be content that they should think that his head wasn't screwed on quite straight. The know-it-alls said that trees would not grow, but he laughed and whistled and worked and waited.

Nine years ago a lot of people awoke to the fact that he had about the neatest and most productive place in the country. He was making a good deal more money off it than a great many wealthier men were out of their operations in the business world. He did not have such a very large bearing orchard, either. He was delivering the goods. And when in one year he received

over ten thousand dollars for the product of one year's labor on his ranch, his name and achievements went the rounds of the eastern agricultural journals.

Things were beginning to warm up by this time. The real estate men, always with both ears to the ground, began to get busy. They sent displays to the biggest fairs in the old land and to the large prairie centres as well. In the latter country the up-in-years-farmers who had become rich growing wheat began to realize that they had discovered a mighty good country to retire in. English lords felt the lure of the mountain country with its rippling rivers and dancing lakes, and they came, saw, and were



PLUM TREE IN THE GARDEN OF A ROSELAND HOME, 370 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL

conquered. That was the beginning. The end is not yet.

Ten years ago there were only a few settlers between Arrowhead and Robson. They made a living by selling spuds and sawlogs. But when P. A. O'Farrel, the noted journalist, came through this way two years ago he found the smoke of settlers' homes all along the way and it set his mind working, to the delight of those who have had the pleasure of perusing his articles. The change was there sure enough. The sight of strawberry patches and apple orchards are a delight to the passing tourist. The cross-Canada returning globe-trotter who gets the C.P.R. to make his ticket read "via Crow's Nest," can look at smiling orchards and new clearings for the best part of a day as he sails down the Arrow Lakes, which, by the way, so delighted William Randolph Hearst that he said the lakes of Switzerland were not more beautiful. And this land was a part of the wilderness yesterday. It is in the forefront of the civilization of to-day.

There are more than retiring wheat farmers and English lords who are engaging in the fruit business. After meeting and talking with hundreds of fruit growers, I am of the opinion that more former occupations are represented among the fruit growers of the Pacific slope than you can find in any other occupation in Canada's nine provinces.

There is the office man who has lost his health. He must have outdoor employment, but feels that his wife cannot stand the drudgery of a wheat farm. So he comes to the land of the setting sun, where he finds health and sometimes—not always, for it depends upon his energy—wealth.

He is only one. Doctors, lawyers, merchants, bankers, clergymen, speculators and dozens more are represented in the amateur fruit growers of the Kootenay of to-day. I talked recently with a miser who had been pretty much at ever the world. He had followed in the path of many stampedes; had driven the stakes in many new

townsites; had staked his all on supposed bonanzas; but now at forty years of age he has decided to give up the mining game and settle down to growing smiling red apples and blushing peaches for the rest of his earthly existence.

No story of the mining history of the Kootenay would be authentic and complete unless the operations of the Rossland companies formed a large part. The mining history of Rossland is to a great extent the mining history of the Kootenay. But Rossland is in this fruit game, too. It is located at about 3,700 feet above tide water, but they grow fruit there just the same. Last season, even peaches ripened in a Rossland garden. All other fruits do well. Some of the heaviest crops of strawberries grown in Kootenay this season were the product of the bench lands along Trail creek, still redolent with memories of the days when Joe Morris wandered in the vicinity of its rippling waters and discovered the bold iron outcroppings which have made the Red Mountain City famous all over the world.

Down near Creston, a few miles to the east end of Kootenay Lake, they have a strawberry king, who startled even the most enthusiastic Kootenians by selling forty-three hundred dollars' worth of strawberries off four acres of ground. There are others who are following in his footsteps. A Thrums grower does some stunts by making over two hundred dollars off a patch of fifty-six square rods, and the fifth year of the patch at that. It sounds like boasting to mention these phenomenal results, but they are only statements of fact.

There has been some heart-burning over the success of the fruit-growing industry; heart-burning among the knockers and doubters of the other days. I met one of them a few days ago. He is a successful medical practitioner and he pinned his faith by virtue of surplus cash to mining. He had visions of wealth from golden ore; he scouted the idea of wealth from golden fruit.



BRANCH OF ROYAL ANN CHERRIES GROWS IN THE KOOTENAY

And while he was spending his hard-earned cash drilling holes in the ground, which have their first dividend yet to pay, he could have bought the finest Kootenay fruit land for a song—two and three dollars an acre—lots of it. It is worth the most of a hundred to-day, and he has his holes in the ground yet. And hence his

wry feelings. The school of experience—what a school it is?

But the Kootenay has changed in other ways. The moral standard has risen. In the old days most of the towns had the lid off and a hot fire in the furnace all the time. It had the habit of breaking the hearts of more sky pilots than any stretch of ground

in North America. An M.A., B.D., came out from the east to take charge of a church in a wide-open smelter town, but the devil won out in the first round, for the eloquent divine boarded the eastern train before the sunset of the second day. Another high-strung, sensitive chap tried to star, but could not stand the pressure at all—he lost his bearings completely, insane is the common word—and it is only of late years that he is back—his old dashing self.

And it was not to be wondered at either. There was a time when there were enough tin horns in Kootenay to make Monte Carlo blush. But that day is gone. The fruit-grower is a different man. No blackjack and poker for him. He passes the few remaining tin-horns with a freezing nod and gives the welcome sky pilot a glad smile. Does he deserve all the credit? I am not sure that he does. He spends his time out in God's glorious sunlight—how can he help but smile and be happy? The much-abused miner groveled all day in the dirt and grime and dust, so that it was natural that in the evening hours the excitement of the green table and the clink of the champagne glasses should hold an attraction for him. But as the evening shadows fall the fruit-grower can watch the moon through the maze of the apple trees and nothing disturbs his serenity of mind.

Yes, the moral standard has risen. One of the first things in a new fruit settlement is the service in the school-house, and, a little later, the neat frame church. Sometimes the saloon

man comes along with a petition to get a saloon license. But he gets few signatures. And he is no sooner gone than a counter petition is filed. There is nothing of the free-and-easy about the new, the dawning, era in Kootenay.

Just recently an enterprising individual, who acts as station agent in a little fruit-growing community for a living, and speculates in almost everything else on the side, got a bright idea. He thought of building a hotel, supposedly to house the traveling public, but really to make a fortune in selling thirst-quenchers to the good folk of the valley. He got out a petition in support of his bright idea, but the fruit-growers, thinking differently, got out another twice as big. No public house in their fair valley, they said. They would never have their boys drink anything stronger than apple cider. That settled it. There are no whiskey bottles on the shelf behind the lonely bar and no stupid toppers in the doorway. This is the Kootenay of to-day.

The new movement has but begun. Only a small portion of the available fruit land has been brought under cultivation and planted in orchard. There are still rich bench and valley lands ready to do their part in producing big crops of the big red apple. And they are coming—the fruit-growers of the future. Daily, weekly, monthly, yearly, they are coming in a steady even stream—all coming to do their part in making the Kootenay what it will be one day—a great fruit-growing district—second to none.



## NANCY WAYNFLETE

By HALLIWELL  
SUTCLIFFE

*"Prince Charlie, as it chanced, was sheltering in a Snye cave while Sir John sat comfortably at his own board—and sheltering in company with Flora MacDonald. Now MacDonald and the Prince were not in the cave, were found with hunger; they heard news calling one to another in the narrow way that swept their midst, asking if ought had been heard of the drowned Stuart."*

SIR JOHN WAYNFLETE had undoubtedly been deep in the counsels of those gentry of Lancashire who promised support to Prince Charles Edward. When the Prince marched south in earnest, Sir John had been also among those who had not kept their word.

At the pinch of need he had failed. Looking back now to the day when a messenger had ridden up to Waynflete—horse and man half dizzy with fatigue—to tell him the Prince was marching on Preston, and to bid him keep a promise made—looking back to that day, Sir John could scarcely understand his failure. He had no fear of battle, no fear of the executioner's axe if he lived to see the rising crushed and himself a prisoner; he had zeal for the cause, a passionate love of Church and Stuart. What had been wanting, when he stayed at home that day, and did not ride to join the Highland army as it entered Preston?

In his heart he knew the reason, but would not admit it. Nancy was the cause—Nancy, who at eighteen was like a portrait of the mother who had died in giving birth to her—Nancy,

when he had watched, and loved, and tended with extravagant devotion.

This evening—as he sat after supper and watched the crimson sundown through the window of the banquet-hall, he read his motive with unerring eyes. There was wine at his elbow, a half-finished glass beside him, but he did not touch it. He was following the wanderings of his Prince up in Scotland yonder, so far as he had gleaned news from the horsemen who sought shelter for a night, or sometimes longer, at Waynflete. He was aching to share the hardship and the peril.

"Why, why?" he asked himself, with sudden impatience. "I'm five-and-sixty, and hale at that. And here I'm rotting at home, a broken man."

The answer came to him in one of those flashes of intuition which reach tired men at times. He had loved Nancy better than his Prince. He had not dared to leave her. The times were uncertain. At any moment Lancashire might be littered from hill to hill with civil war; and, if he joined the Highland army, Nancy would be left unguarded. That was the motive which had held him back. He had pictured with an apprehension

You should be very careful, you know,  
you might get interested in your work, and  
let your pipe go out.—James McNeill Whistler

that was at once a father's and a lover's, the perils which this maid of his must undergo if the usurper's soldiery were let loose in Lancashire.

She was betrothed to Nicholas Thorne, to be sure; but Nicholas had been up and down the country recruiting laggards, and putting his neck in danger every day. Then he had ridden south with the Prince, and Heaven only knew what had chanced to him since then.

Sir John's face commanded pity, had there been an onlooker to see him as he sat at table, with the red of gloaming full on him. He was not only, for his daughter's sake, an idler, but he knew that Nancy herself despised him. She had tried to conceal her contempt. She had greeted him, she thought, as of old, whenever they were brought together by the day's routine—meals, or rides about the countryside, or walks in the shady rose-garden that now was desolate and wintry. But there had been a coldness between them, and Sir John had been quick to know it. His own maid—Nancy, for whom he had given up his love of loyalty, his love of battle—Nancy despised him.

Prince Charlie, as it chanced, was sheltering in a Skye cave while Sir John sat comfortably at his own board—was sheltering in company with Flora MacDonald. Miss MacDonald and the Prince were wet to the skin, were faint with hunger; they heard men calling one to another, in the narrow seas that swept their island, asking if aught had been heard of the accused Stuart. Yet Flora and the Prince were in glad case, could they have contrasted their own misery with that of Sir John to-night.

Sir John turned presently to his glass and drained it, and filled himself another measure. "Nancy," he muttered, a broken man, "Nancy will never know that I did it for her sake."

Nancy was walking up and down the terrace meanwhile, with quick, impatient strides. This contempt for her father, months old by now, had been eating at her heart.

"If I had been the man of the house," she thought; "if I had been the man to ride south, and then ride north again, and share the glory of it all, retreat or victory. But I was born a girl, God help me!"

As she paced the terrace the sound of galloping hoofs came up the gentle rise that led to Waynflete. She shaded her eyes against the crimson glare of the gloaming, and saw Nicholas Thorne ride up.

"Nick—Nick, what are you doing so near to a suspected house?" she cried, when he had tethered his horse and stood beside her.

He stooped and kissed her, but she knew, as women do, that he was thinking of matters that went deeper than betrothal kisses.

"What is it, Nick? What is it?" she asked.

"Your father, Nancy."

"Yes?" Her voice was cold. "My father—he is drinking his after-supper wine, Nick—no more, no less. He has little occupation these days save to eat and drink."

"You misjudge him, Nancy."

She turned on him with a restrained anger that was not in keeping with her youth. "My father may be this or that, Nick—but it is my place, not yours, to make excuses for him."

"Excuses?" His voice was strained and harsh. He had ridden far, and had farther still to ride, and could not stay to measure out his words. "There is no need of excuse for Sir John. We all know why he stayed at home, and we all blame—you, Nancy, just you."

Nancy felt as if he had struck her. She was so quiet; and yet there was a flush of shame across her face—shame that such an accusation could be brought against her.

"I urged him to ride south," she faltered.

"Oh, yes; but you forgot his love for you."

Again she found her courage. "His love for me? His love—when he had sworn to answer the Prince's call—Nick, you're a fool. Plant flowers on a grave if you will, but never say that dead courage is alive."



HE ROSE FROM HIS PLACE AS A LOVER MIGHT, AND TOOK HER HANDS IN HIS, AND KISSED HER.

Nick was impatient. It was well enough to love Nancy, and to have no doubt of his love, but he had business over the Border that would not be denied.

"D'ye know what your father is, Nancy—how big a man he is?"

"I know how—how small a man—nay, not that! I'm bewildered, Nick, by the shame of it all. I did not mean to speak against—against my father."

"Women's eyes see just as far as the paddock. Men look up to the hills." You know the proverb, Nancy? Did not Sir John prove his courage once for all in the Fifteen Rising? That was thirty years ago, and men still talk of his gallantry. He has done nothing since to cloud his good repute."

She glanced at him in sheer perplexity. "Nothing to cloud it? Is a

broken promise nothing? Is idleness at home nothing, while real men are facing hardship?"

"Heck, child!" he said peremptorily. "You will not understand. He is old enough to claim excuse on that ground only, when so many younger men have failed us; but he stands on surer ground than that. He stayed, Nancy—I had it from his own lips—to protect your honor here at Waynflete, since I could not."

Nancy's eyes grew bright, she felt as if a weight had been lifted from her shoulders. The misery of the past months was forgotten, and once again she saw her father in the brave, glimmered light that had him about him since her childhood's days.

"Nick, why did he not tell me this?" she asked. All her pride was gone, the coldness that had chilled her lover;

she crept close into his arms, as a betrothed maiden should, and reached out for his strength. "You'll never know the misery of these last months. He was so great, so full of courage, until—until—and then again he was my father, Nick, and blame, though I could not help it, seemed something near to sacrilege."

"Oh, child, I know. But you should have trusted him. Such men do not change, Nancy. They are perplexed sometimes, not knowing which way the road of honor takes, but they choose what seems to them the right."

Nancy, for the first time, reached up to Nicholas and kissed him of her own free will. She saw the meanness of her doubts; and in sharp contrast she saw the unwavering, steady faith of this lover of hers, who came to her weary, soiled with travel, and sick with grief for the retreat at Derby—this lover who could still be eager for the honor of Waynfleete.

"The Prince was speaking of him soon after Derby. He wished there were more men like Sir John."

"He spoke kindly of my father? Tell me again, Nick, that he spoke kindly."

"He spoke with affection, Nancy. He understands. I saw to that."

Nancy laughed, the temperate laugh of one who has been on the rack and is released. "Let us go in and tell him," she said. "Tether your horse, Nick—oh, be quick! Let us go and tell him that the Prince"—again she laughed—"that the Prince and you and I, all understand."

They went in together, and moved softly to the doorway of the dining-hall. Sir John did not hear them. He sat with his arms on the table, his head between his hands, and he was picturing the long march south, the long retreat, in which he had not shared.

"Sir John," said Nick, coming quietly to his side. "Sir John, I've little time to waste, and I have news."

Sir John came out of dreamland. "You, Nick?" he said, quick to re-

member hospitality. "Sit down, lad, and share a bottle with me."

"I will, sir, for I have ridden far. It was seven this morning since I last tasted food or drink."

"A plain hint, Nick, a plain hint! Where's Nancy? You must have food, lad, to be sure—where's Nancy?"

She crossed the dining-hall, and Sir John looked at his daughter in the lamplight. The moon had gone from her face, and he saw only the tenderest pity there. He forgot his guest. He rose from his place, as a lover might, and took her hands in his, and kissed them in his reverent way.

"Why, girl, you—you understand these last few months—at last," he said.

"Yes, father," she murmured with the prettiest submissiveness and shame.

"Yes, I understand these last few months. I was not worth the sacrifice. No woman has the right to stand between the Prince and you."

Sir John had forgotten Nick's presence. He held his head erect, and his face showed younger by ten years; that was because Nancy was looking at him with the old, clear glance of trust. He laughed quietly, for he had missed that glance of late.

"You're right, Nancy, and I was wrong. I see it now. Nothing should ever stand between loyalty and a man's sword-arm—not even you, Nancy." He brushed a hand across his eyes as if to clear away the mists. "Yet at the time it seemed—well, righteous. The Prince is as jealous of a woman's honor as of his own, and perhaps—oh, indeed, the Prince may know what kept me from the southward march. Civil war, Nancy—and the rabble all let loose—you scarcely understand your peril."

"The Prince does know, sir," said Nicholas quietly. "I made it my business to inform him. I was telling Nancy not long ago how warm he was in praise of you."

Sir John rose from his chair, and again he laughed, as a boy might. "I'd forgotten you, Nick, and that was ungrateful of me, now I hear you

news. The Prince—he forgot my treachery, you say?"

"He named it loyalty to the bonniest lass in Lancashire. Nancy was presented to him, you remember, and the Prince does not forget."

Nancy herself was out of earshot. She had carried her penitence to the kitchen, and had bidden the maids to bring in supper for a hungry guest. She could not rest indoors, but went out again on to the terrace, and watched the moon come up above the twilight hills and blamed herself for what was past regretting.

In the dining-hall Sir John pressed food and wine on his guest, and Nicholas Thorne, soon as he had stayed his hunger, began to talk in low, eager tones, glancing constantly towards the doors as if in fear of eavesdroppers.

"The cause is in this plight, Sir John," he said. "His Highness is in hiding, somewhere on the western coasts of Scotland; and my last news of him was that he was safe, and in good heart."

"Thank God! And then, Nick? There's a look in your face—a look of hope—as if Culloden had not broken us once for all—as if—"

"We're rallying again," Nick gave a quick, light-hearted laugh, for hope was always beckoning him across the marshes of this world. "They scotched us at Culloden, and thought they'd killed us—killed the Stuart love which they're too dull to understand. Listen, Sir John! The man's eyes, his voice, the very set of his big, sturdy figure, grew eloquent, as he spoke of what was to prove a dream—a gallant dream, no more, no less—of better days. "Listen! Through all the Highlands they wept when the news of Culloden came drifting down the glens, and up to the moorland shellings. They wept for Charlie Stuart, every man and woman of them, as if he had been their first-born. That was the sort of love they carried, and when their grief began to quieten, there were men of the broken army—I was one of them—who rode in and out

among them, and set hope flaming like a beacon-fire again, and bade them keep their weapons bright where they were hidden in the heather. There's been a second Culloden—"

"With the victory to us? My lad, my lad, reach down that sword of mine—the one that hangs near to my wife's portrait—I've kept it bright. God knows, for every day I've wiped the blade and prayed that I might—"

"Gently, sir. The Prince absolves you from the long ride north, the peril—at your age—"

Sir John got to his feet. He was a good figure of a man at five-and-sixty, straight and broad. "At my age, boy?" he flashed. "Age is as age deals with you. Reach down my sword, I say!"

The younger man humored his whim, and Sir John took the keen, thin blade from its scabbard and tested the edge of it. "It played a better part in the Fifteen than in the Forty-five," he murmured, with a note of wisdom in his voice. "Well, Nick, well? I gather the Prince finds work for me at the eleventh hour? Is that not so?"

"Yes. I am here in Lancashire to rally both the well-affected and the doubtful gentry; but you can do more in one day than I could in a month, as the Prince was good enough to tell me to my face when I saw him last in Scotland."

"He said that?" asked the other eagerly.

"He knew you through and through, you see. There's no man placed as you are to lead the new movement in Lancashire. The Government does not suspect you any longer. No, no, Sir John, there's no shame in that! You'll be free to ride here and there on what will seem so many visits of ceremony to your neighbors. When all is ready I shall have news from Scotland of the meeting-place, and our friends can ride north in twos and threes, like plain gentlemen who travel in company because the roads are over-run with highwaymen."

Sir John nodded as Nicholas map-

ped out each stage of the plan. There were difficulties enough in the venture, and weaknesses, but the old knight's enthusiasm was kindled, and he did not pause to question. He did not ask, for instance, why the gentry of Lancashire should be more willing to rally round a defeated cause than to one which only a few months ago had shown high promise of success; for he judged all men by his own standard, and to his simple, chivalrous mind it seemed a matter of course that greater sacrifice should be made for an imperilled than for a prosperous cause.

"I shall be one of those little companies who travel together because the roads are unsafe," he said with a boyish laugh, as he made feints and passes with the slender sword-blade. "All shall be done as the Prince commands—and when the time comes, Nancy will be glad to see me riding into Scotland."

Nicholas Thorne busied himself with a bundle of dispatches which he had taken from the pocket of his cavalry coat. There was something oddly pathetic in Sir John's reference to Nancy, and the old man's voice had broken a little at her name, as if he were remembering the shame and trouble of the months gone by.

"His Highness sends this letter to you," said Nick abruptly—for he hated pathos as sincerely as any man of action. "You need no credentials. Sir John, but the Prince thought it might help you in this business of heading up recruits. And now, good-night, sir. I must be in Preston before midnight, and the roads are vile."

"Another cup, lad, before you get to saddle!—let me pour it for you. Plague take Nancy, where is she? 'Tis her place, not mine, to fill your stirrup-cup."

Sir John was full of high spirits, and could see only the road that led up to Scotland and to honor. When they left their wine, and he saw his guest to the door, he laughed silly at sight of Nancy standing framed by the moonlight and the terrace wall and the sleepy hills beyond.

"Go, snatch the last stirrup-cup of all, Nick," he said, "and get to saddle. By'r Lady, I remember how sweetly Nancy's mother used to kiss me when I went my journeyings."

He stayed indoors discreetly until the sound of Nick's hoof-beats had died along the drive below the terrace steps; then he went out into the moonlight, and found Nancy standing at the top of the stone stairway. Sir John held the Prince's letter in his hand, and the feel of it gave him new buoyancy and strength.

"Sweetheart," he said, coming close to her side, "it is good to have no matter of honor between you and me. Nick has lifted a cloud from us both—and there's the Prince's letter here of confidence and trust—and—and, surely, it is good to be alive."

Nancy turned and looked at him, gravely, tenderly, with a knowledge and a great pity that in itself was pride. Then suddenly she sobbed, and nestled close against him, and the Prince's letter fell unheeded on the terrace walk.

"I've been blind and foolish. Forgive me."

"Nay, nay, my girl. Nay, not so foolish. Blind to my faults, maybe, of which I've plenty."

Nancy's sobbings would not be checked. Every word of her father's, each line of the strong, clean-cut face, as the moonlight softened, hallowed it, showed more of the man's childlike soul than she had seen in all the years of past communion.

"What was Nick's errand, father?" she asked, by and by.

"To rouse the country, child—to bring Lancashire, like myself, back into the field of honor—to remind brave men of broken promises, and bid them take this last big chance of retrieving their good name. There's hard riding ahead of me, Nancy, if God will it."

"Hush, father! What was that sound?" cried the girl, putting a quick hand on his arm.

"I hear naught."

"There! Cannot you hear it now?—the noise of hoof-beats coming



THE THIRST WAS SO EAGER THAT HIS VERY BODY FOLLOWED IT

through the slush. It must be Nick returning for some reason."

Sir John could hear it now. "That cannot be," he said, shaking his head; "the horseman is coming up the eastern road, and Nick rode west."

As they waited, looking down the steep fall of the garden, they heard first one horseman, then a second, dismount at the foot of the path—heard them come up with heavy footsteps. They turned the corner of the track, and the watchers on the terrace saw that they wore the Hanoverian livery.

"Bring my sword, Nancy. It lies on the dining table," said Sir John in a cool, quiet voice of command that sent a thrill of mixed dismay and pleasure through the daughter's veins.

She brought it to him, and he buckled on the scabbard, and took out his snuff-box, and began to dust his nostrils delicately.

The two horsemen halted at the foot of the terrace steps. They were officers, and seemed, to Nancy's quick eyes, to be gentlemen of sorts.

"We've traced one Nicholas Thorne here, captain in the late rebel army," said the older of the two. "By your leave, Sir John, we carry the right of search."

"Ah!" Sir John answered blandly. "You may search, sir. I would, indeed, ask you to search, since my good name seems in need of vindication."

The two officers glanced at each other. They were puzzled by Sir John's ease of manner, which was obviously unfeigned and real. It was then that Nancy caught sight of the Prince's letter where it lay at her father's feet, just as he had dropped it not long ago. This letter was the one piece of evidence against them, and instinctively she stooped and picked it up.

The older officer saw the quick action, saw her thrust the letter into the bosom of her gown. "You will give that letter into my keeping, madam," he snapped. "Nick Thorne must be growing light-headed to drop hints of damning evidence about his friends' gardens."

Sir John turned sharply, and realized not only his own danger, but that of all the Prince's hopes for Lancashire. He was touched by keener remorse. Once again his thoughts had been so wrapped up in Nancy that he had allowed himself to be careless of the Cause; and better men than he might suffer for the lapse.

Then suddenly remorse went by him. He forgot Nancy and the past. He stood to his full height, and whipped his blade out, and felt his youth return to him, and youth's throbbing strength and eagerness.

"The way to the letter lies here, gentlemen—across my sword," he said with temperate gaiety.

The flight of steps that gave upon the terrace was narrow, and the officers held back, perplexed by this change of front, and doubtful as to right of precedence up the stair that only one swordsman at a time could mount.

"I beg you to see these gentlemen, Nancy," said Sir John. "They do not care for moonlight duels."

The elder man dropped an oath, pushed his comrade aside, and came up the steps.

Nancy held her breath, and watched the fight begin; and her first dread was lost in marvel at her father's swordsmanship. Sir John seemed "fey" to-night. He repulsed the other's heavy-handed furious attacks as if he played with him; and then he chose his moment, and drove his blade home and home. The thrust was so eager that his very body followed it, and the two of them went crashing down the steps, falling on the comrade of the wounded man who had mounted close behind his fellow.

Sir John picked himself up unharmed, but one officer lay motionless on the reddening gravel, and the other leaned stunned and sick against the stone balustrade that had caught his head as the other swept him down.

"Ah, God be thanked," murmured Nancy, thinking not of the wounded—the dying, it might be—but of her father's safety.

Then she turned, for a step sounded briskly at the far end of the terrace. It was Nick Thorne, whose horse had gone dead lame two miles away, compelling him to return for a night's shelter. He had returned in time to see the end of the swift duel, and now he came and put an arm about Nancy without a word said.

It was Sir John who broke the silence, as he wiped his blade and put it softly back into its scabbard.

"An instalment of my debt to the Prince," he said gravely. "You will assure him, Nick, that I mean to pay my debt one day in full."



MR. DOUGALL RECEIVING A CALLER AT THE DOOR OF HIS PRIVATE OFFICE

## A Man and His Paper

The Story of J. R. Dougall and the Montreal Witness

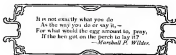
By

G. B. VAN BLARICOM

EVERY morning of the year, from his quaint, old fashioned home on the mountain side, a sturdily built, erect gentleman of kindly countenance and pleasant disposition may be seen coming down street before eight o'clock. He starts for the heart of the city and walks every inch of the distance. He steps lively, smartly and uprightly until he reaches his office where he is diligently at work by 8 o'clock, never leaving his chair until late in the afternoon. He has his luncheon in the simply furnished apartment adjoining his private office. For over half a century this leader in Canadian journalism has followed the same consistent, methodical and unobtrusive life—and yet it is a life that

is leaving its imprint on our nationhood. He finds his chief delight in work and, when in search of relaxation, engages in a little more labor. The man is John Redpath Dougall and the spot around which his life interests centre is the Montreal Daily Witness.

The Weekly Witness was founded by his father John Dougall in 1845 and the paper has always been in the hands of the family. It is a venerable and, on many respects, a model institution. The late John Dougall had high ideals in launching the publication and his son has worthily followed in his wake and carried many of them to a logical conclusion. It has always been a great home paper, clean, elevating and



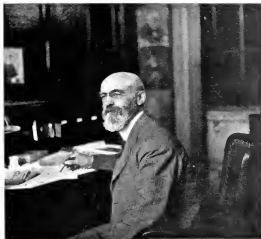
It is not exactly what you do  
As the way you do or say it,  
For what would the egg amount to, pray,  
If the hen got on the perch to lay it?  
—Marshall P. Wilder.

honorable, while keeping abreast of the times. It has been fearless and independent, outspoken and aggressive at all times on the leading issues of the day and the moral factors that make for the betterment of a community. Its policy has always been one of integrity and public spiritedness and in the fight for political parity and higher conceptions of trust and duty, both on the part of the elected and the electorate, its stand has been as a beacon light. For over sixty years it has never deviated from its course to run with the crowd, nor has it trimmed its sails to catch some passing breeze of approval. The Witness has stood firm and steadfast and, when it has seen fit to differ from life long friends and admirers—as it has on many occasions—the paper has invariably been accorded credit in that its views have been inspired by a sense of public watchfulness and the qualities of sincerity and courage. Even its most vindictive opponents will admit that the "Montreal Wickedness," as some of them assailed it in days of yore, has aimed to raise the standard of journalism in Canada and to lead the public conscience aright on all matters affecting the moral, religious and national uplift of the people. In many a campaign for political rectitude, temperance reform, improved civic administration and in its war against bucket shops, gambling, lotteries, fake speculations, and medical panaceas, it has dealt many a powerful blow and aimed straight from the shoulder. While the fight was strenuous, yet the Witness endeavored to be just and fair, but like other mortal institutions, it may have erred, though unconsciously.

In some respects the career of the Witness is unique. In its record of 63 years it has never inserted an advertisement of a saloon, or a brand of liquor. It has declined to give space to theatre, lottery, tobacco, and other announcements, particularly of questionable medical preparations and doubtful schemes, which the management believe were calculated or in-

tended to take advantage of or injure its readers. This has resulted in The Witness losing thousands of dollars annually in proffered publicity, but it has resolutely stood by the principles and ideals of its founder. During the earlier mining booms the management accepted no mining advertisements. When, however, the argentiferous wealth of our unrivalled Cobalt had been established beyond peradventure and the people had become educated, The Witness opened its columns to this class of advertising, believing that it constituted a fair and legitimate outlet. Its attitude is summed up in the following announcement which appears daily at the head of its editorial page. "It is, of course, impossible to know much about mining advertising which offers probably the most speculative and therefore, the most risky of all investments. The great chances of gain are balanced with the great chances of loss and no one should invest in a very speculative property more than he can afford to lose."

The Daily Witness was launched in 1860—just 15 years after the establishment of the Weekly—and next year will celebrate its golden anniversary. Its beginning was auspicious and coincident with several stirring events—the visit of the Prince of Wales (now King Edward) to Canada—the opening of the Victoria Bridge, the agitation in favor of the fusion of the scattered provinces into a Canadian Confederacy—and later the bitter struggle of the Northern and Southern States to rid the American Republic of slavery, which, in turn, was followed by the Franco-Prussian war. From the day of its inception to the present the public has never lost confidence in the motives and character of The Witness, and the paper has received compliments from its contemporaries the world over. It has come triumphantly through many stirring periods. It was once in its early days placed under the ban of the Roman Catholic Church, and some fourteen years ago, when carrying on a valiant battle against the



MR. DOUGLASS AT HIS DESK.

numerous gambling dens and bucket shops in Montreal, a deliberate attempt was made to destroy the office with dynamite. Late one night a bomb was thrown in the press room. The explosion tore up the floor and broke every pane of glass in that part of the building. Had the missile gone just four feet farther it would have completely shattered the big newspaper press.

But what of the man back of the paper, the central figure of its personality, the power behind the publication? John Redpath Douglass is not nearly as widely known as his paper. He has never been a lover of the spectacular or the dramatic. You might as well attempt to extract information

from a stone as to induce the veteran editor and publisher to talk about himself. He is quiet, reserved, and strictly uncommunicative regarding his own affairs. When he speaks to the public it is through the editorial columns. He acquired his journalistic training under his father and succeeded him in the management of the Daily and Weekly Witness in 1870. The firm is still known as John Douglass & Son. The honored journalist is one of the closest personal friends of Canada's Premier. What is the reason of this intimate friendship? Mr. Douglass, although leaning to the Liberal school of politics, has, on many occasions, criticized the actions and course of the Laurier Government and, in no un-





MR. DOUGALL IN CONFERENCE WITH HIS MANAGING EDITOR, J. S. V. FORREST (ON RIGHT) AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE EDITORIAL STAFF

measured terms, pointed out its weaknesses and shortcomings. The editor has never been in a party committee room and never runs up to Ottawa on political or newspaper errands. Times without number he has been asked to attend political gatherings and to occupy a seat on the platform. He has been urged to become a parliamentary candidate and given hearty assurances of support. To all these overtures his invariable reply is "No. My work is at the office. The Witness is my field of labor and there I can best do my duty to my country and my fellow men."

Here you get a glimpse of the innate modesty and true character of the man. It is freely rumored that, after the death of the late Sir Wm. Hingston, Sir Wilfrid offered Mr. Dougall a Senatorship, which was

promptly declined, and report has it that the editor of The Witness was proffered a Knighthood but he did not accept. Those who know him intimately declare that he will work unceasingly to the end, giving his talent and his energy to the paper with which he has so long been identified. The man rarely takes a holiday. Last summer—for the first time in years—he was prevailed upon to take a vacation. He went away but in less than three weeks was back at his post. It was during his absence that the despatches appeared in the press about him having been offered a Senatorship, and later a Knighthood. Asked about the correctness of these persistent rumors he laconically observed "Merely another hot weather story."

By many not intimately associated with him, Mr. Dougall is often misinterpreted. He has warm personal

friends but he has never been in the public eye. There are several reasons for this beside the fact that he prefers to spend all his energies through his papers, one being his naturally retiring disposition and another that he has not a well developed sense of the individual. If he were introduced to a man to-day he might pass him on the street to-morrow and not recognize him, but if the stranger spoke first Mr. Dougall would be cordial in his greeting. He has never played for popularity and his paper holds some standards that perhaps do not appeal to the masses. For instance, it is the usual custom for the press of to-day when a newsboy or for that matter any person, finds a pocket book or wallet containing a

large sum of money, to praise the honesty of the person who hunts up the owner and returns it. Such items frequently appear under large headings. The Witness, while it would make mention of such an incident, would not laud the honesty and integrity of the finder to an unusual degree as is frequently done, because it holds that in returning the property the finder has done nothing more than his duty, and that common honesty is not such as a rare or exclusive possession that it should be unduly praised, and, perhaps, the modest finder made to feel uncomfortable by prominent references to his conscientious scruples.

Mr. Dougall possesses the faculty to an unusual degree of reading other men's minds. After perusing a speech he can, as it were, analyze every thought and feeling of the man behind the delivery, although he may know him by name only. He is quick to size up a new reporter and bring out the best that is in him. Being a tireless worker himself he inspires in others a love of toil and impresses upon them the need of accuracy, fairness and impartiality as well as freshness and virility. Every editorial in The Witness office is read by at least three members of the staff before it sees day light in the public print. Any suggestion or advice is considerably accepted by Mr. Dougall. He likes to have those around him think for



MR. DOUGALL DISCUSSING PLANS FOR THE FUTURE WITH HIS CITY EDITOR

themselves—to have ideas of their own. He presents the fullest information on every subject on which he writes. No amount of research appals him; he wants the facts at all costs. He is never without a dictionary, an atlas, or an encyclopedia at his elbow, and these he frequently consults. Often he writes an editorial over three or four times; he must be thoroughly satisfied with it on every point before it is sent to the composing room. During the South African war, when despatches of a conflicting character appeared in the press, *The Witness* day after day gave able editorial reviews, thoroughly analyzed their import and significance, explaining apparent discrepancies and contradictions. This is only a side light on the thoroughness of the man and his methods. In his paper he has always stood for pure and undefiled English, the exclusion of slang and colloquial expressions, and for correctness of punctuation.

Mr. Dougall in taking a stand on any great issue has never been known to pander to expediency, to halt or hesitate about how such a position or policy would affect the interests of the business office or the cash drawer. He has always been above mere sordid considerations. A man of few hobbies, he spends the day in writing. When the evening edition is out he winds his way home, if he has not some business meeting to attend.

He is a member of the Corporation of McGill University, of which by the way, he is a graduate, the Board of Directors of the Congregational College, the Sun Life Assurance Company and other bodies. As indicative of another trait of his nature it may be stated that he is President of the Boys' Home in Montreal and of the Boys' Farm at Shawbridge. He has always been prominently identified with the temperance cause. In religion he is a Congregationalist of wide gauge and liberal mind and a staunch supporter of Church Union, and in the Citizens' League for the promotion of civic good government he has

been a leading factor. He is an ardent free-trader but not a party man. Tariff walls, customs schedules and other barriers he does not countenance, believing that the closest and truest union is promoted throughout the Empire by the greatest freedom of commerce and unrestricted intercourse in the matter of trade.

Mr. Dougall is fond of the open air and a lover of animals. For years his constant companion was a big mastiff dog. For exercise he enjoys walking and bicycling in the country, and when he has time often takes his water colors with him and will sketch while some friend reads aloud. Appreciative of a good joke, he gets much relaxation out of the humor columns of the daily and periodical press. But outside of the work of the office he spends most of his hours in reading. He peruses the current literature of the day, the ablest and brightest controversies on political questions, commerce, education, industry, invention, agriculture, science and other topics. He retires regularly at 10 o'clock and is up shortly after 6 the next morning. Sixty-seven years old, or rather sixty-seven years young—and still a bachelor—John Redpath Dougall leads the simple life—a quiet, kindly, thoughtful man with a mission and a purpose, his devotion to duty his highest ambition, and yet not of so serious a mien that he fails to catch much of the sunshine and the brightness that border life's pathway and to reflect its spirit and illumination in his work and ideals. He resides at the quaint old Dougall homestead on the slope of Mount Royal, and has been like a father to nephews and nieces who have lived with him.

Since the foregoing article was written, the *Witness* office in Montreal, has been destroyed by fire. With indomitable energy, Mr. Dougall has set about replacing what was lost in the conflagration, and the new home of his paper will be in keeping with its position in Canadian newspaperdom.



### The Ominous Hush in Europe

A SOMEWHAT serious view of the situation existing between England and Germany is presented by H. R. Chamberlain, the London correspondent of the *New York Sun*, in *McClure's Magazine*. He sees in Germany's passion for national expansion a menace to the peace of Europe.

"British alarm did not become really acute until it was discovered several months ago that Germany was quietly accelerating her announced program of naval construction. This was not so disturbing, however, as the fact that by the construction of extra ships at various yards and the expenditure of ten million dollars upon the great Krupp gun-works at Essen, Germany was able to build warships of the first magnitude at a rate equal to or exceeding the British capacity."

The building of the first Dreadnought by the British Admiralty is considered in some quarters to have been a fatal blunder, for the simple reason that its construction inaugurated a new era in naval architecture and gave the other powers, Germany included, an even footing with Great Britain.

Dwelling on the tremendous burden, which the building of her navy is im-

posing on the German people, Mr. Chamberlain believes that the measure of relief which is being held out to them is the hope of a huge war indemnity to be levied in London, when the crisis comes. This is not uttered in so many words, but the idea is as well understood as the silent toast drunk after dinner every day on the German warships.

"An English chaplain told me that this toast was drunk even in his presence, when he happened to be a visitor on a German cruiser a few weeks ago. The senior officer at the ward-room table raised his glass with the words, 'To the day,' and all present stood and drank silently and solemnly. When my friend asked his host what it meant he received the frank reply: 'Oh, we always drink on German ships to the day when war shall be declared between England and Germany.'"

In this way Mr. Chamberlain figures out that war will actually be cheaper than peace for the Germans.

Of the German Kaiser, estimates vary as widely as the poles. "I am tempted to quote an estimate of the Kaiser's character," writes Mr. Chamberlain, "very different from that which prevails among his own and

other peoples. An eminent German, who was for a long time in a high position that brought him into the closest official and personal association with his imperial master, said to a friend of mine in a burst of confidence:

"The Emperor will never make war. He is the cleverest expert among public men of to-day in the uses of bluster and bluff, but he is a coward at heart. He will not fight anybody."

"This is harsh and amazing language, coming from the source it did, and I do not pretend to endorse it. I have discussed the situation from this extraordinary point of view with one or two prominent Englishmen, and the reply has been:

"If the Emperor is such a man as that, it does not lessen the danger in the least. The policy he is pursuing will create a situation which will force him into war. He will not be strong enough to prevent it."

"I do not propose to enter into any detailed or technical discussion of the rival armaments. England's military strength is so insignificant compared with Germany's, and her land fortifications are so trifling, that a mere fraction of the German army, once landed on British shores, would soon be able to dictate terms of peace in London itself. All Englishmen acknowledge that Britain's sole means of defence is the navy. England's vast sea power is not a danger to any other great Power, because it is not supplemented by enormous land forces such as Germany possesses. The significance of a great German fleet, therefore, becomes quite different from that of a British navy. One is a menace in some sense to all the world, the other is not."

"The present British Government, confident in the growing influence of the sentiments of peace and good-will among the nations, adopted a policy of strenuous naval economies, and made discrete overtures to Germany to co-operate along similar lines. The utter failure of this effort was perhaps the greatest disappointment of Camp-

bell-Bannerman's official life. Germany not only rejected the British suggestions, but she seized the opportunity to increase, or rather to hasten, the execution of her plans for naval construction. Germany had a perfect right to do this, according to the law of nations. The primitive instincts of self-preservation compelled England to apply her utmost energies along the same lines. She did so unwillingly and at first half-heartedly. She relied at the beginning too much upon her undoubted superiority in financial resources, and believed that it was merely a question of money in keeping ahead of any possible German equipment. It was not until she discovered suddenly that Germany could build ships of the first magnitude quite as fast as she herself that England became genuinely alarmed."

"Had it not been for the German danger, Great Britain would not have built more than two battleships this year. She has ordered eight, which will cost \$80,000,000. This is the maximum number that she can construct with the existing dockyard and gun-making facilities. The German programme calls for the completion of thirteen ships of considerably greater power than the Dreadnought within the next three years or a trifle longer. But England is by no means sure that the actual output will not considerably exceed this figure. At all events, she intends to have twenty such ships in the fighting line within that time."

"The situation is not so simple, however, as these figures indicate. England's first necessity, of course, is to defend her home waters, but it is only less important to British interests that a commanding force shall be maintained in the Mediterranean. Austria has announced her intention to build at once four ships of the Dreadnought type, and Italy the same number. England must in her estimates include Austrian vessels in the armament of her German ally, and she will be compelled to detach at least an equivalent force from her home fleet

for Mediterranean service. France and Russia are not actual allies of Great Britain, although the ties binding together the Triple Entente are strong. The Russian navy is almost non-existent, and the construction of four modern battleships has only just been begun in the Russian yards. The navy of France has deteriorated during the past ten years to a point that is a national scandal of the first magnitude. This applies to both material and personnel. It is due chiefly to the introduction of corrupt methods and to socialistic demoralization among the sailors and dockyard employees."

"England cannot count upon material assistance from abroad during the first critical hours of a conflict, if it should be forced upon her. The attack, if it comes, will be almost without warning. The advantages of surprise and choice of objective is such a

struggle are incalculable. They are so great, in fact, that an aggressive nation will not sacrifice them to more than the barest amenities of the rules of international intercourse. Secret preparations, a sharp ultimatum demanding instant reply, and the blow is struck—that is likely to be the record of the inception of the next great war in Europe. History shows in repeated instances that the *corvus belli* of the moment has been some trivial incident, as, for example, the forged Ensa telegram on the eve of the Franco-German war in 1870. That war, as all the world knows to-day, was deliberately forced upon France by Bismarck. England sees an amazingly close analogy between the situation as it is developing to-day and that which preceded that conflict, when Germany accompanied her preparations with loud protestations of peace."

### British Rule in India

THE unrest in India is made the occasion for an explanatory article on conditions in the Indian Empire, in the Century Magazine. This is contributed by Sidney Brooks, an English writer of large experience. Mr. Brooks shows the tremendous problem which the British have had to undertake in India, owing to the immensity of the country, the huge population, as variegated in its character as the population of Europe, the warring creeds and the unbending castes. He proceeds to lay down the principles on which British rule has been based.

"Among those principles the first and greatest is that India should be governed rather in the interests of her peoples than of her rulers. Great Britain derives from the great dependency no benefit that may not be shared in by any other nation on equal terms. There is not one tariff for British goods entering Indian ports and another for American or German goods.

The country is held, as it were, in trust for the trade of the whole world, without favoritism or discrimination. It is a further principle of British rule to spend on the dependency all the revenue raised from it. Great Britain receives nothing from India in the nature of a tribute—no return of any kind except for services rendered. These, however, are no more than the fixed axioms of British rule all the world over."

Queen Victoria's Proclamation of 1858, which closed the mutiny, contained three cardinal pledges. The first was that the territories, rights, dignity and honor of the native princes would be scrupulously respected. The second guaranteed freedom of religious faith and observances. The third promised to admit natives to all civil service, when qualified to undertake the duties of such service.

In his summing up Mr. Brooks is inclined to attribute the unrest, not

to blemishes and shortcomings in British rule, but to its very success.

It is the result of the peace and security that British rule has brought with it. It is the result of the British policy of educating the natives not merely in the learning and sciences of the West, but in those ideals of liberty which are enshrined in British literature and exemplified in British history. It is the result of the British policy of training the natives in the principles and practice of self-government. It is the result of the intellectual irrigation of a native press that could not exist without British consent, and that has rarely been interfered with even when most anti-British in tone. It is the result, too, of the intercourse which the railroads have made possible and of the common medium of understanding which the polyglot peoples of India, or at least the literate among them, are discovering in the English language. All these factors have produced their inevitable result. They have created among the educated classes a fervent and legitimate desire to take a yet larger and more effective share in ordering their affairs.

That desire is one that the British authorities both in England and in India have no intention whatever of thwarting. They are anxious, on the contrary, to meet and gratify it. It has always been their policy to associate the natives with the work of government, and they have never for one moment thought of abandoning it either on the advice of reactionaries in England and India or in a panic of apprehensions over bombs and assassinations. Lord Morley's scheme of reforms is not an innovation upon, but an extension of, the uniform practice of British rule in India. It is, however, a very large and far-reaching extension. Hitherto the natives, while entrusted with the bulk of the duties of administration, have had comparatively little part in the spheres of policy and legislation. Henceforth

ward they are to have an effective, an all but controlling, voice in determining both policy and legislation. Two Indians already serve on Lord Morley's Council in London. Another has been made a member of the Viceroy's Executive Council in Calcutta, which is the equivalent of the President's Cabinet in the United States—in other words, the supreme governing authority in India. At the same time all but half of the Viceroy's Legislative Council is to be composed of elected Indians who will enjoy novel and genuine privileges in the way of moving resolutions, dividing the Council, and of settling the actual figures of the budget; while for the future the Provincial Executive Councils will contain at least one Indian member, and the Provincial Legislative Councils will be under the absolute control of a native majority, subject, of course, to the veto of the Governor or Lieutenant-Governor and to the reserved powers of the Central Government. Any one with the least experience of administration can see at once that these are very valuable powers, and that they convert the opportunities of natives for guiding legislation into a working reality. Any one, too, who ponders the deep and peculiar cleavages of race, creed, and caste that run through Indian society will perceive the enormous difficulties under Lord Morley's scheme of securing the proper representation of minorities and of saving whatever electoral system is ultimately adopted from becoming an added source of racial and religious strife. These difficulties have already begun to show themselves in the fears of the Mohammedans lest they be swamped under Hindu votes. They are not, however, beyond the power of adjustment, and Lord Morley's reforms in their final shape will undoubtedly be found as equitable to all the faiths and nationalities of India as they are large, generous, and timely.

## A Landmark of International Progress

WRITING in the North American Review, Paul S. Reinsch analyzes the recently-arranged Declaration of London, which he declares to be one of the great landmarks of international progress. "Quietly, without any appeal to public attention, the London Naval Conference held its meetings and elaborated its convention. Not heralded with popular acclaim, nor surrounded with brilliant festivities, the council of expert representatives of the great powers accomplished results which constitute indeed a new departure in international life. A code of international law relating to the rights and duties of belligerents with respect to neutral commerce was accepted—a body of world law to be interpreted and applied by a standing international tribunal. Thus a true international judicature is at last to come into being."

"The Naval Conference was called by the British Government in 1908. Besides the inviting Government, there were represented the five great Continental powers of Europe—Germany, Austria-Hungary, France, Italy and Russia, as well as the United States and Japan. Spain was invited on account of her historic importance in the family of nations and her interest in maritime questions, and the Netherlands because the International Prize Court is to have its seat in that country. The composition of the London Conference, therefore, differed from that of the Hague Conference in that the nations there represented were those which actually have the determining power in the creation of international maritime law on account of their present naval strength. Among the personnel of the conference there were many noted authorities on maritime law. The principal delegate of Germany, M. Kriege, a member of the Hague Court, had taken a notable part in the Second Hague Conference. France was ably represented by M. Louis Renault, one of the leading spirits in both the Hague Con-

ferences, a man whose learning and personality have been of the greatest influence in the present international movement. The British delegates were Lord Desart and Admiral Ottley. The principal delegate of Russia was Baron Taube, of the University of St. Petersburg. The other powers were similarly well represented. The delegates of the United States were Rear-Admiral Charles H. Stockton and Professor George G. Wilson, who had both taken part in the excellent work in the codification of international law undertaken of late by the Naval War College of Newport."

"The most distinctive achievement of the conference would seem to lie in the articles of the convention dealing with contraband. Not only has the vexed question of the classification of contraband found a satisfactory settlement, but many other incidental problems, such as the proper test in making conditional contraband subject to confiscation, and the application of the doctrine of continuous voyage to contraband, have been settled."

The law of blockade was further defined, and many other matters of importance were settled by the conference, though no agreement was arrived at on the important question as to whether the nationality or the actual domicile of the proprietor of merchandise is to be the determining factor with respect to the enemy character of the latter. Similarly the question of the legality of the transformation upon the high seas of a merchantman into a war-vessel could not be settled.

"With the results of the conference before us, it is possible to appreciate the great advance in international relations which their full acceptance will assure. Through making the rights of neutrals definite, the cause of many conflicts disappears. The belligerent still retains the power to

protect himself fully against efforts to supply his opponent with war materials, but he can no longer proceed in an arbitrary manner. His action must be taken in accordance with certain definite rules and he must give due notice of his intentions. He is no longer permitted to give his rights an arbitrary and irrational extension. The science of international law is thus provided with a definite basis upon

which there may be constructed a system of rules and precedents which will normalize commercial intercourse in times of war, which will make central merchants aware of their risks and duties, and will present the restrictions upon their trade not in the light of the national policy of a powerful belligerent, but, as a rule, supported by the public opinion of the world."

### The Inesistible Mrs. Asquith

A BRIGHT and intimate sketch of the wife of Britain's Prime Minister appears in *Current Literature*. Mrs. Asquith has made the social history of more than one season since her husband became Premier, and that, it seems, because nobody can resist her.

Photography is notoriously unjust to the contour of Emma Alice Margaret Tennant Asquith's mischievous face, a point insisted upon in those descriptions of its loveliness which adorn the columns of so many society organs in London and Paris. Her eyes, her nose, her cheeks, her chin and the trick of her tongue in protruding timidly between two rows of immaculate teeth afford subjects to the ablest paragraphers in the personal journalism of the old world. The eyes, to begin with, are mischievous. They can be homes of silent prayer, too, upon occasion, it seems, and then they are a gray as squirrels. In the lady's laughing hours—and she laughs so readily that one detects her presence by the mere music of her merriment—the eyes seem deeply and pellucidly blue. The eyebrows are the despair of all portrait painters, and are matched by lashes, long, sweeping and golden.

No woman in London society can be persuaded that Mrs. Asquith dispenses with the services of a complexion specialist. She is no longer,

of course, in the first flush of youth, for her thirtieth year has come and gone long since. She has been a wife for fully fifteen years, but her skin is as white, as satiny and as translucent as if she had been born last autumn. The countenance, while rosy, is destitute of that tendency to extreme redness about the upper cheeks and at the chin, which renders so many an English beauty a fright—at times. Certain ungallant insinuations that the lady steams her face twice a week have been the theme of gossipers in trivial prints, but the authorized assertion that paints and powders are never resorted to by the lady's maid is implicitly accepted as final. Mrs. Asquith's complexion is the result, it seems, of a liberal utilization of cream and porridge as articles of diet when she was in the nursery. She was never out of bed after nine o'clock in her life until she was nineteen, according to another biographer, and she never leaves her bed in the morning until ten o'clock, unless some domestic crisis of exceptional importance necessitates such recklessness. The absence of wrinkles from her brow and the smoothness of her skin where crows' feet might not unreasonably be expected now, are attributed to a skillful system of Swedish massage.

However, it is the expression of the countenance of "Margot," to give her her pet name, which constitutes its perennial charm. The nose is undeniably inconsequential and critics have objected to the size and shape of the mouth. The chin—to quote the expression of a writer in the *London Throne*—is "too saucy." But the face as a whole is inexpressibly ravishing in its perpetual transitions from the grave to gay, from the divine wastefulness of a Mona Lisa to the contagious hilarity of a Beatrice. That circumstance alone accounts for the prodigious popularity won by "Margot" in the private theatricals she is never weary of organizing for the delectation of country house parties. On the stage, the wife of the British Prime Minister, according to those competent critics, the reporters for the society papers, would have reduced the most brilliant of French actresses to an imbecility of envy. No one outside the precincts of all that is finest in social London under King Edward's sway has been privileged to witness "Margot" in her glorious impersonations. The one-act plays of a well-known statesman's wife afford Mrs. Asquith her best parts. She has upon occasion essayed even Ophelia in the mad scene, but as a general thing she seems herself, her own mischievous, irresistible, adorable self, only in what is technically described as the lightest juvenile. "Margot" shows her audience the girl in love through the medium of many delightful little touches and her play of feature is wonderful. Then there is the voice—loud, yet always musical, high but not shrill. Mrs. Asquith is one of the very few society women in England, who has no fear of the sound of her own voice. She can "halloo" quite audibly across a golf field and does it deliciously.

The character of this gifted lady is Gallic rather than British. That

repose of manner which is presumed to denote the daughter of a hundred earls she has, to employ an Americanism, no use for. Her manner expresses every shade of every emotion, as the *London World* affirms, each delicate gradation of feeling, with a touch so direct and fine that one carries away the impression from her merest nod of an intense capacity to live. She forgets nobody and remembers everything, even one's sick aunt and the baby's exact age. Her interest in life is incredibly personal. Mrs. Asquith is always eager to learn the likes and dislikes of people, their past history and their present prospects. These details she arrives at without the slightest trace of an impertinent curiosity. She is interested in the people she meets, and she takes care to meet only the people who interest her. To this one fact, possibly, is due her success as a matchmaker. Not one marriage in London society made by the wife of the Prime Minister has yet turned out a failure and she has made, if we may trust the gossips, dozens. A young peer without a wife is a source of positive dread to Mrs. Asquith, who is affirmed to regard marriage as the supreme duty of man—especially when he has money.

It is, of course, as a dresser that "Margot" has won her supreme contemporary renown. The angelical slenderness of her form, the whiteness and suppleness of her long arms, the roundness of her shoulders and the Olympian regality with which she sits down are familiar things to the vast constituencies of the society press. The tantalizing elegance of her rather tight-fitting dresses is admired in Paris as much as it is imitated in London, for Mrs. Asquith has made the fortune of one immense French establishment upon the basis of its chic simplicity of effect in the gray-green satin she loves. She is one of the extremely

few Englishwomen who walk without inconvenience in the tightest restriction fashion can now impose upon the knees in a directoire gown. It is characteristic of Mrs. Asquith's consideration for others that she purposely relaxed the severity of the lengths her Paris dressmaker was disposed to go in the sheathed skirt. Her influence has affected the most decided modification in prevalent directoire and empire modes, which, in London, at any rate, are not extreme to-day.

The capriciously critical have inferred from the well-known skill of the Parisian artist, who monopolizes Mrs. Asquith's patronage that she means to introduce a swagger note into London fashions. Her object has been presumed to rival the flamboyance of taste with which rich American women monopolize attention at Ascot and in the "row." The truth, as London society organs retail it, is that English dressmakers lacked the courage to introduce modes not countenanced at court. The Queen, contrary to popular impression, no longer initiates anything. Her Majesty's growing deafness and her tendency of late to a retired life, tend to obscure the court as a model of smartness. Mrs. Asquith's ambition, as it is interpreted in London, was to bring the waist line back to its natural place. She wanted also to popularize a shorter skirt. In both these purposes, the success of "Margot" is beyond dispute although there is some rebellion at her decree against the flaming colors coming into vogue at Paris for evening wear. The Queen, as is hinted by those who record the history of this controversy, is quite on the side of Mrs. Asquith. The waist line of the wife of the Prime Minister defines itself just at present in the nicest harmony with nature. Her favorite color in dinner gowns is sky blue, a ribbon of the same hue

running coquettishly through her dark masses of hair.

As the daughter of a very eminent financier and commercial magnate, "Margot," a fond variant of one of her given names, received a careful home training embellished by much travel and the finishing touches of a Paris school. Mrs. Asquith speaks French, the Gaulois thinks, as *Mademoiselle de l'Espagnole* spoke it and with twice her charm of manner. She shares her illustrious husband's fondness for golf, a game to which she devoted herself in the days of her vigorous girlhood. The Prime Minister, who married twice, has a large family of daughters and to their education Mrs. Asquith has devoted no little time and attention. She is a wife in the homely English sense of the word, it must be remembered, as well as a leader of society and of fashion. Her aim, notwithstanding her very domestic instincts, has always been to impart to the social activities of the Liberal party some measure of the brilliance associated with the sway of Conservative Governments. There happens to be in the present ministry no other statesman with a brilliant wife. With one member of the cabinet from the working class, another devoted wholly to pious meditation, a third living in social retirement as a husband and father, a fourth a disconsolate widower and others lacking for one reason or another the appropriate feminine element, it has become necessary for Mrs. Asquith to attempt the part reserved hitherto for political peeresses. A woman less gifted or one not so splendidly endowed with courage must, the London World ventures to think, have failed ingloriously. "Margot" has scored heavily. More than one ill-natured suggestion that she is stepping beyond the limits allowable to the wife of a British statesman is

ascribed to nothing more definite than the inspired jealousy of the Duchesses she outshines. Meanwhile our British contemporary urges patience until winter comes,

bringing with it "Margot" in her opera gowns, when the naval panic will be eclipsed by the greatest sensation London has enjoyed since Reginald McKenna married for love.

## Business Men's Novels

A WRITER in the American Bookman has taken the trouble to make some investigations into the kind of novels read by business men, which is naturally a subject of some interest. The tradition that business men prefer those novels dealing with financial life, the stories of financial intrigue, of spectacular coups and theoretic stock manipulation, he characterizes as a groundless, flimsy observation.

"Wall Street men, as a class, read and prefer to read novels of the Robert W. Chambers type. The love story with the 'society' atmosphere is the story the men of the stock-world like best, if their words for it are to be taken as proof, and there is no reason why they should not be accepted as such.

"Although exceptions may be taken to one or two of the specific novels named, the general style of the favorite types of novels of the brokers may be judged from the following list of ten that was prepared for the Bookman by an active Wall Street man of wide acquaintance among his co-workers. In handing the list to the writer the Wall Street man said that the order in which they were named was intended to give an idea of the relative favor in which the particular style of novel was held by his business associates. The latter word he used in its broadest sense. Here is the list:

1. The Fighting Chance...Chambers
2. The Actress .....Hale
3. Jason .....Forman
4. The Inner Shrine .....Anon
5. By Right of Conquest...Hornblow
6. The Man in Lower Ten Rinehart

7. The White Mice .....Davis
8. Marriage a la Mode ....Ward
9. Septimus .....Locke

"From this list it may be seen that the purely business novel is conspicuous by its absence.

"While treating of the literary tastes of Wall Street men, the qualifying statement must be made that the grain traders who make up the Produce Exchange do not figure in the above category of novel-choices, despite the fact that the phrase 'Wall Street men' generally includes them in its scope. The members of the wheat and corn pits, the writer has come to learn, seem to champion novels of the Churchill brand, political stories, as well as admittedly more exciting detective stories, such as the recent *Mystery of the Yellow Room*, *The Perfume of the Lady in Black*, etc.

"The determining of the tastes of the engineering and contracting groups that centre about the Wall Street and Battery Park districts proved to be a far easier task than was the arriving at an estimate of the tastes prevailing in the financial section. The general tendency among this second group of business men—it is fair to include the profession of engineering under the head—seems to be toward the novels of out-door life, of the plains and the sea and the frozen countries. Jack London, Rex Beach, Ralph Connor, Stewart Edward White, Morgan Robertson and writers who choose subjects like these authors are given the choice by the men whose work takes them, too, in-

to the open. Such novels as "Calamity K." and "Whispering Smith," are not without many readers, as well, among the engineers, whereas the list that is given to typify Wall Street's general taste would be far from the mark in showing the literary predilection of the group of men under immediate discussion.

"The lawyers, who compose a big element in the great working group of business Manhattan, and who, because of the close alliance of their profession with those lines of activity herein outlined, may come into the catalogue of business men, have as clearly defined tastes in the matter of their lighter forms of reading as have the others. However, in estimating the consensus of their choices, prefatory allowance must be made for the objections that may arise from certain quarters that have not been consulted. In quoting what follows, the writer intends merely to chronicle the collective taste of a large body of

lawyers, who, individually, appear to afford satisfactory standards from which general deductions may be made. From these lawyers, therefore, as well as from the statements they have made in regard to the tastes of their fellow-lawyers, the writer has come to the conclusion that the detective story stands out sharply from the other types of narrative as the favorite of the legal class of business New York.

"The argument that the different sets of business men have distinctive tastes in reading is borne witness to further in a way that may or may not be worthy of acceptance, but which is at least interesting. The chief clerk in the busiest bookshop in hustledowntown New York told the writer once that he could tell exactly the field of business a man was in by the novel he purchased as he started on his way home after the close of the day."

### The Sin of Keeping Up Appearances

ORISON SWETT MARDEN, editor of Success Magazine, whose articles on self-help and kindred subjects are widely known, contributes to a recent number of that magazine the strong paper condemning the habit of living beyond one's means merely to make an appearance in the world.

Disclosures in a recent divorce suit in New York again call attention to the insane rivalry among Americans to outdo one another in dress and luxurious living. The wife who was suing, in this instance, maintained that a woman in her position required from thirty-five to forty thousand dollars a year for dress alone; and that this was a comparatively small item in the cost of maintaining her household. She stated, on the witness stand, that no society woman could afford to appear twice in the same dress in public or at

the same hotel; that if she did, she would be "in very bad form." She also stated that it was necessary to change her clothing, completely, three times a day, and that many women change, throughout, four times a day.

Another New York woman says that she spends from one hundred to one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year on her wardrobe; that she has many dresses that cost a thousand dollars each, and that her shoes, the leather for which is imported and dyed to match the dresses with which they are worn, cost fifty dollars a pair.

Some society women exhaust so much of their time and energy in catering to their vanity that they have comparatively little left for the things really worth while. Mrs. Grundy has more abject slaves in America than in any other country on the globe. Multitudes of her devotees neglect their

children, their homes, and their mental improvement, and resort to all sorts of expedients and extravagances to cater to their vanity.

It is not so much the purpose of this paper to condemn the rich for their wicked extravagance, as to point out the demoralizing influence of their vicious example upon those who cannot afford either luxurious dress or living. Not only much of the discontent and unhappiness, but also a large part of the immorality and crime in this country, is due to the influence of the ostentatious flaunting of wealth in the faces of those who are less favored. It is a powerful undermining force in our civilization.

The mere possession of money does not give one the right to debauch his fellows, or to set an example which will make them discontented, unhappy, and tempt them to strain to keep up an appearance of wealth, at the possible sacrifice of their integrity and virtue.

Some of these wealthy people attempt to justify their extravagance on the ground that it gives employment to a great many. No greater delusion ever crept into a human brain than that wanton extravagance is justified on the ground that it gives employment, for the demoralizing and debauching influence of it all, upon those uselessly employed, infinitely outweighs any possible good it may do.

It is true that many poor women, girls, and children are enabled to eke out a miserable existence by spending years of precious time and energy working upon a piece of lace embroidery, or a thousand-dollar gown to be worn only once or twice by a rich woman. But is there no better destiny for human beings made in God's image than to wear their lives out and ruin their eyesight, as is done in numerous instances, in making that which appeals only to the vanity of women, many of whom, in all their lives, never earned the equivalent to the food which they consume in a single month?

The vulgar flaunting of wealth, which we see on every hand, is a constant suggestion, a perpetual temptation to the poorer classes to strain every nerve to keep up appearances, "to keep up with the procession" at all hazards.

Women who pay from five hundred to a thousand dollars for a dress, and fifty dollars for a pair of shoes, do not realize that a multitude of young girls, some of whom work for two years for what one of these gowns costs, and some for only a few dollars a week, are influenced to do all sorts of questionable things in order to ape the style of their rich sisters.

There are young women in New York, receiving comparatively small salaries, who live in high-class apartments, wear expensive tailored gowns, extravagant millinery, and indulge in other luxuries which are out of all keeping with their rank and means. Many of them have accounts at livery stables, florists, and dry goods stores; they even buy jewelry and many other unnecessary things on credit. Some of them think nothing of frequenting pawn-shops and borrowing money on furs, clothing, anything which they do not happen to want for the moment.

Driven to extremes, they often grow so bold in their borrowing that they will "work" their friends, as they put it, without blushing. They brag of how much they can make a man spend on them when out for an evening.

Recently a young man on a small salary told me that it cost him from fifteen to twenty dollars an evening to take a girl to a theatre, and to supper, at an expensive restaurant, afterwards. Is it any wonder that so many young men in moderate circumstances remain single, and that such vicious results follow such abnormal living?

One of the curses of city life is the unwillingness of young men to marry and assume the responsibility or obligations of a family. The consequent absence of the refining, elevating influence of home and family upon the character of both men and women is

most disastrous. They live unnatural and unhealthy lives and often become abnormally selfish because they are completely absorbed in getting the most they can for themselves, and consequently think very little about others.

The false ideas, expensive habits, and passion for show of girls are, in a great measure, responsible for this deplorable condition of things.

A New York young man, typical of a large class, told me, recently, that he had no idea of marrying, because, by remaining single, he could live at the best hotels—five like a prince," as he expressed it—that he could patronize good tailors and could take an occasional trip abroad, whereas, if he married and had to divide his income with a family, he would be obliged to live in a poorer part of the city, in much cheaper quarters, and could not begin to keep up the appearance and make the display which he can now afford. He said that girls expect so much to-day that young men require a lot of courage to assume the responsibility of marriage.

Many girls seem to think that their chances of marrying men who can support them in luxury are much enhanced by extravagant dressing. This is a great delusion, for men usually see through them. Girls who dress beyond their means, as a rule, fail to attract permanently the wealthy men whom they would like to marry, and often frighten away the young men of small means who would be drawn to them by their good qualities of mind and heart, which their foolish clothing and hollow pretense serve only to conceal.

Young men who are determined to make something of themselves will think a great many times before they marry a young woman with extravagant notions, for they know that once a woman has contracted a taste for luxuries and formed the habit of living beyond her income, she is rarely content with what a man in moderate circumstances can afford to give her.

It is the young woman who steals herself against the temptations of vanity and is content to dress as attractively as she can honestly afford, instead of running into debt and resorting to all sorts of things to procure what she cannot afford, who scorns the idea of bedecking herself with cheap imitations, refuses to wear lies or act them—she is the sort of girl a manly young fellow will want to marry, or who will make a successful career for herself.

The examples of vicious living and reckless extravagance of the very rich are no less demoralizing to young men than to young women. It used to be considered a disgrace for youths and young men to be in debt unless they were in business for themselves, or there was some other justification for it; but now it is the commonest thing to see young men with small salaries heavily in debt—for luxuries.

Never, in the history of mankind, was there such a perfect mania among certain classes to keep up appearances at all hazards, to make a big show in the world, as exists in America to-day. Everywhere we see people toiling to keep in the social swim, struggling to break into the stratum above them, straining every nerve to do things they cannot afford, simply because others do them.

In Europe it is possible to classify people largely by their dress and appearance. They do not pretend to be what they are not, so much as in America; but here, where shop-girls dress like millionaires' daughters, and thousands of clerks dress better than their employers, where so many are trying to appear to be better off than they are, to make others think they amount to a little more than they do, it is impossible to judge by appearances.

Not long ago a New York man who had passed as a multi-millionaire, and whose family lived in the most extravagant manner, died, and when his will was probated, it was found that his entire estate scarcely inventoried two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

The fortunes of a great many people who are supposed to be enormously rich are bubbles just as empty as that of this man. There are people passing themselves off as millionaires who may be, in reality, worth less than nothing—hopelessly in debt. But, because they are believed to be wealthy, they have almost unlimited credit; everybody is anxious to sell to them; tradespeople do not like to ask them for money for fear of losing their patronage.

There are plenty of people, in all of our large cities, who do not allow themselves enough to eat, and practice all sorts of pinching economy at home, for the sake of keeping up appearances in society.

What terrible inconvenience, hardship and suffering we endure on account of other people's eyes and opinions! What slaves, what fools we make of ourselves because of what other people think! How we scheme and contrive to make them think we are other than we really are.

It is other people's eyes that are expensive. It is other people's eyes that make us unhappy and discontented with our lot, that make us strain and struggle, and slave, in order to keep up false appearances.

The suit, the hat must be discarded, not because they are badly worn, but because others will think it strange that we do not change them.

The effect of all this false living, this constant practise of deception in appearances, in our manner of living, our dress, is undermining the American character, ruining our genuineness, making us superficial, unreal, false.

If you are wearing clothes and living in luxury which you cannot afford, these things label you all over with falsehood, and are perpetual witnesses against you. There is only one possible result upon the character of falsehood, whether acted or spoken, and that is perpetual deterioration. It does not matter whether you wear lies, tell lies, or act lies, the effect upon your character is the same,

Trying to make people think that you are better off than you really are is a boomerang which strikes back with a fatal rebound. It is impossible for you very long to pretend, successfully, one thing and be another, for your reality is always asserting itself.

Do not deceive yourself into thinking that good clothes, that a palatial home, can make a man or a woman. All the wealth in the world could not raise manhood one degree in the scale of excellence.

It is spending upward, living upward, living in honesty, in simplicity; living the real life, the life that is worth while, that will produce the finest character and give the greatest satisfaction.

Not long ago I was visited by a dear friend who has the courage to live the simple life, even in the midst of the pyrotechnical social life in New York. This man, who has not laid up a thousand dollars, has a magnificent character, strong, vigorous, yet sweet, gentle, kind. He envies no one, bows to no one; he has a superb independence; he walks like a conqueror. He has no anxiety about the future. He lives a full, complete life as he goes along. The moment one enters his atmosphere he is conscious that he is in the presence of a rich personality.

It does not require so much courage to live the life we can afford; to be genuine, true, indifferent to what our neighbors think or say. Even those who are wealthy will think more of us for this manly, this womanly independence.

Everyone owes it to himself to live a real life, whether he is rich or poor; to be, and not to seem. He owes it to himself at least to be genuine.

"Paint me as I am, warts and all, or I will not pay you for the picture," exclaimed Oliver Cromwell to the painter who was smoothing his rude features in a portrait. This is the sort of rugged honesty that is sorely needed to-day.



## Some Standards of Success

AN examination into the popular conceptions of success is made by Professor Brander Matthews in the Forum. He admits at the outset that in the mouth of the ordinary man to-day the word success is usually interpreted to mean material prosperity, and that this idea of success has been the prevalent one down through all the ages, and among all nations. It is a natural conception and marks no fall from grace. But the question he raises is whether material prosperity is not received as the final test of success and the sole touchstone of a finished career.

"While material prosperity is, of necessity, the immediate aim of the average man in the thick of the struggle for life, it ought not to be his only aim; and just so soon as he can feel his feet firm on the ground beneath him, it ought not to be his chief aim. And what may be, for a while, almost the whole duty of the inferior man, is only a small part of the duty of the superior man. When the desperate dread of want is no longer driving us to leisured toil, and when a fair measure of material prosperity has been achieved by abundant energy or by early advantage, then the further accumulation of wealth ceases to deserve exclusive attention, since it is no longer useful to the individual or to the community. To continue to put forth all one's power for the sake of needless acquisition is a short-sighted selfishness which is not success but failure. It is a failure of the individual, which, if widely multiplied, must be fatal to the community."

Professor Matthews takes up the attitude of the public towards rich men, and says:

"It is a good sign that the attitude toward the very rich seems to be changing of late. They are beginning to feel themselves more or less under suspicion, however much the society-reporter may delight in snobbish adulation. No longer is there a heft that the mere heaping up of

money is a sufficient service to the community. There is an increasing tendency to apply a stricter moral standard and to ask embarrassing questions. There is a desire to know where the money came from and whether it was honestly come by. There is a manifest intention to sharpen the laws so that processes of acquisition which may have been legal even if they were immoral, shall hereafter be under the control of the courts. There is an awakening to the value of social service. There is a keener recognition of the fact that the really useful citizens cannot be measured by the money they possess. There is a closer scrutiny of character and a higher appreciation of its loftier types. There is a cordial welcome for these new men in public life, to some of whom it is possible to apply the noble words in which the younger Pliny described one of his friends—'who did nothing for ostentation but all for conscience, who sought his reward of virtue in itself and not in the praise of men.'"

"On the other hand, it is not a little unfortunate that there seems to be intensifying a prejudice toward the very rich as a class, without due discrimination between those who have inherited fortunes honestly gained and those who have amassed large wealth by predatory devices. At times, this prejudice may bear hardly on those 'who think their innoxious indolence their security'—to borrow Burke's phrase. But there are only too many among the inheritors of honest fortunes who mistake notoriety for fame and who alienate sympathy by foolish prodigality and by silly display."

It is a handicap, according to Professor Matthews, to be possessed of immense wealth. Some men, he points out, aim to make money with the belief that as a moderate fortune helps us to enjoy life, a fortune ten times as large will provide ten times as much enjoyment.

"The truth is that pleasure is a by-product of work. The man who has

something to do that he wants to do intensely and that he is able at last to do, gets pleasure as a fee, as a tip, as an extra allowance. Perhaps the keenest joy in life is to accomplish what you have long sought to do, even if you feel that the result might be a little better than you have achieved. Possibly the most exquisite gratification comes from the consciousness of a good job well done. The foolish talk about the 'curse of labor' is responsible for much of the haste to gain wealth that we may retire into idleness. But if we are honest with ourselves we know that labor is never

a curse, that it is ever a blessing. The theory that work in itself is painful, or that it is the duty only of inferiors, is essentially aristocratic and fundamentally feudal; it is hostile to the democratic ideal. Work is what sweetens life and gives delight to all our days. That man is happiest and gets the utmost out of life who is neither poor nor rich and who is in love with his job, joying in the work that comes to his hands. And that man is truly accursed who is refused the privilege of congenial toil because he has too much money."

## A Woman at the Head

CHICAGO has turned over the management of her \$50,000,000 school system to a woman. She is, of course, an unusual woman, but all the same, she is a woman and she has displaced a man. John Evans gives a brief sketch of her in the Outlook.

"Mrs. Ella Flagg Young was elected Superintendent of Schools in that city July 28. Her salary was placed at \$19,000, while that of her assistant, John D. Shoop, was made half that amount. There were unusual circumstances about this remarkable selection. In the first place, the office of the Superintendent in Chicago has been a customary scene of turbulence for many months, and yet a woman was chosen to subdue the unruly factions. In the second place, Mrs. Young is sixty-four years old. She is vigorous and alert, but it is quite certain that no man at that age would have been elected. And, in the third place, Mrs. Young was the one woman in a list of sixty educators selected by a special committee as fitted for the place.

"Mrs. Young is a Chicago woman. She was born in Buffalo, New York, January 15, 1845. She was brought to Chicago a few years later by her parents, and there she has stayed

since. Her education was received in the schools she will now rule, and some of the pupils she taught in the lower grades are now her associates on the Board of Education. Advocates of woman suffrage thought at first that this very definite proof of woman's progress in the world of affairs would strengthen it, but the disillusion followed soon. Mrs. Young believes in woman and in her work, but she believes more in the home, and she has the courage to say so. It was the striking personality of the woman and her genuine power that won for her the place at the head of the second largest school system in the country.

"On the day of the election Mrs. Young and five men were summoned before the Board singly. The five men were called first. Each of them was given twenty minutes to discuss some topic of education. It was dinner-time when Mrs. Young was called, and the Board members were frankly tired. Yet they felt they must listen to the woman as they had to the men. Mrs. Young talked, not twenty minutes, but two hours, and when she finished there was not a bored man among the fifteen listeners. When she left the room she was unanimously

elected as the official head of the Chicago schools.

"Some of Mrs. Young's 'boys' lined up outside her office to congratulate her the day she assumed her new duties. There was Peter Finley Dunne, of 'Mr. Dooley' fame. 'I never thought Peter would turn into a Dooley,' said Mrs. Young to the group as she greeted them. 'He was a good boy, but—well, I had only moderate hopes for Peter.' And Mr. Dunne smiled and giggled much like the school-boy of old.

"And then millionaire Granger Farwell was humbled by Mrs. Young's excellent memory. 'Granger was a student in the Seamon school practice department,' said his former teacher to the 'boys,' and one day he said something funny. A group of superintendents and principals from other States were visiting there. One of them described a coral island and its formation and growth. Afterwards the teacher said, 'When you see how wonderful these islands are, you would hardly believe they exist, would you?' "No," piped up little Granger, 'and I wouldn't believe it if I saw one.'

"And the 'boys,' now leading men

in Chicago, blessed their former school-teacher, a little less awestruck than they were a half-century before, but with more love and respect even in their hearts for her.

"This woman, who has fought her way into the second highest executive position in the public schools of this country, has the simple tastes and the gentle manners of the old school woman. For twenty-five years she has been a widow, and the mother-love in her has been given to the thousands of children she has taught and befriended ever since the day, fifty years ago, when she became a teacher in the old Foster school.

"One looks in vain for any evidence of the 'new' woman in Mrs. Young. She is all that is feminine. She is described by those who know her as being as good a cook as a scientist, and as fond of her hours at the coffee or tea table as of those at the desk. She is a womanly woman, but she has opened, as she says, 'the real road to the kind of suffrage women need.' She means by that, that work well done is paid for in money and in honor and in power by the world."

## The Doctrine of the Toad

PHILOSOPHERS and teachers have from time immemorial been accustomed to point to certain animate objects as examples for human emulation. Probably the most familiar have been the ant and the bee. These have been held up as models of industry and integrity. Now we have a writer advancing the claims of the repulsive toad for consideration, but for other reasons. Writings in the Atlantic Monthly, Dallas Love Sharp tells of the lessons he has learned from a toad that lived in a hole in an apple tree in his garden.

"Often in the summer dusk I have gone over to sit at his feet and learn some of the things my college professors could not teach me. I have not yet taken my higher degrees. I

was graduated an A.B. from college. It is A.B.C. that I am working toward here at the old apple tree with the toad.

"Seating myself comfortably at the foot of the tree, I wait; the toad comes forth to the edge of his hole above me, settles himself comfortably, and waits. And the lesson begins. The quiet of the summer evening steals out with the wood-shadows and softly covers the fields. We do not stir. Not a stir is the lesson—one of the majors in this graduate course with the toad.

"We do not stir. It is a hard lesson. By all my other teachers I had been taught every manner of stirring, and this unwonted exercise of being still takes me where my body is weak-

est, and it puts me painfully out of breath in my soul. 'Wisdom is the principal thing,' my other teachers would repeat, 'therefore get wisdom, but keep exceedingly busy all the time. Step lively. Life is short. There are only twenty-four hours to the day. The Devil finds mischief for idle hands to do. Let us then be up and doing'—all of this at random from one of their lectures on 'The Simple Life, or the Pace that Kills.'

"Keep going," I quote from another of their lectures,—"keep going; it is the only certainty you have against knowing whether you are going." I learned that lesson well. See me go—with half a breakfast and the whole morning paper; with less of lunch and the 4.30 edition. But I balance my books, snatch the evening edition, catch my car, get into my clothes, rush out to dinner, and spend the evening lecturing or being lectured to. I do everything but think.

"But suppose I did think? It could only disturb me—my politics, or ethics, or religion. I had better let the editors and professors and preachers think for me. The editorial office is such a quiet, thought-inducing place; as quiet as a boiler factory; and the thinkers there, from editor-in-chief to the printer's devil, are so thoughtful for the size of the circulation! And the college professors, they have the time and the cloistered quiet needed. But they have pitiful salaries, and enormous needs, and their social status to worry over, and themes to correct, and a fragmentary year to contend with, and Europe to see every summer, and—Is it right to ask them, with all this, to think? We will ask the preachers instead. They are set apart among the divine and eternal things; they are dedicated to thought; they have covenanted with their creeds to think; it is their business to study, but 'to study to be careful and harmless.'

"It may be, after all, that my politics and ethics and religion need disturbing, as the soil about my fruit trees needs it. Is it the tree? or is it

the soil that I am trying to grow? Is it I, or my politics, my ethics, my religion? I will go over to the toad, no matter the cost. I will sit at his feet, where time is nothing, and the worry of work even less. He has all time and no task; he is not obliged to labor for a living, much less to think. My other teachers all are, they are all professional thinkers; their living thoughts are words: editorials, lectures, sermons—livings. I read them or listen to them. The toad sits out the hour silent, thinking, but I know not what, nor need to know. To think God's thoughts after Him is not so high as to think my own after myself. Why then ask his of the toad, and so interrupt these of mine?

"There are only twenty-four hours to the day—to the day and the night! And how few are left to that quiet time between the light and the dark! Ours is a hurried twilight. We quit work to sleep; we wake up to work again. We measure the day by a clock; we measure the night by an alarm clock. Life is all ticked off. We are murdered by the second. What we need is a day and a night with wider margins—a dawn that comes more slowly, and a longer lingering twilight. Life has too little silence; it is too often raw and raveled. Room and quiet and verge are what we want, not more dials for time, nor more figures for the dials. We have things enough, too, more than enough; it is space for the things, perspective, and the right measure for the things that we lack—a measure not one foot short of the distance between us and the stars.

"If we get anything out of the fields worth while, it will be this measure, this largeness, and quiet. It may be only an owl or a tree-toad that we go forth to see, but how much more we find in things we cannot hear by day, things long, long forgotten, things we never thought or dreamed before.

"The day is none too short, the night none too long; but all too narrow is the edge between."



## The Economy of Up-to-Date Equipment

By

G. R. CHESTER

SYSTEM is now quite generally recognized as a necessity in every business, but few business men are inclined to carry systems to its logical conclusion. The majority are content to adopt ideas and install time-saving equipment from time to time as the exigencies of the situation demand, but rarely will they sit down and work out a general system of economies. Business scientists are doing this and with remarkable results.

The fact is that the average business man balks at the notion of spending money on equipment which he believes will not give him a proportionate return on his investment. He bases his decision on the present output of his business, overlooking nine times out of ten the potentialities which will be set free by the introduction of the new device.

Take as an example the employer who has a bright young man at work in a certain department of his office. This employee does his work faithfully and well, but half his time could be saved by the installation of a certain time-saving machine. The employer sees that this would be so, but as the machine is expensive, and the

young man only draws a small salary, he concludes that it would not pay him to purchase it. That is just where he makes his mistake. He does not realize that in the time he would save by using the machine, the young man could develop some other side of the business.

The worried business man, who is trying to hold in his hands all the threads of his business, believes in system, but fails to employ it in his own factory or office. A system that would relieve him of all the little worries is to him an ideal which he does not hope to attain, but which he could easily realize, if he would take time to investigate.

The skill of the men who are devising and manufacturing business systems and office appliances, has brought about a new era in commercial life. It is possible now to work under conditions of comfort and speed, never dreamed of by our fathers. The cumbersome methods of bookkeeping employed but a few years ago have given place to the rapid and precise methods of to-day, with their loose-leaf books, their adding machines and other time and labor-saving devices.

All this saving of time over mere details has left the energies of business men free to be directed into other channels of endeavor, and accounts for many of the great commercial conquests of the present day.

Apart from the actual economies of time and space to be gained by the installation of labor-saving devices, there is a psychological advantage not to be overlooked. It is a fact that a man can do better work in an office where the equipment is modern, the fittings bright and new and the system as perfect as it can be. The influence of such surroundings is bound to tell on any man. He feels himself more a part of the system with a duty owing to it and he is in duty bound to keep up his end.

Let us first consider the important subject of office furniture. The business man who has determined to turn over a new leaf in his methods, will perform start at the root of the matter and put his office, the vitals of his business, into proper shape. He must needs put in those facilities which will enable him to carry on his accounting and his correspondence with the greatest ease and facility.

Office furniture is made either of wood or steel. Each material has its devotees, and to each naturally accrue distinct advantages. Wood lends itself more readily to the hand of the artistic artisan, since it can be shaped into moldings, carving, rich natural-wood finishes and delicate tones. Also, it has a warm, comfortable feel to the flesh, under hand and seat, and to some thin-blooded people would undoubtedly be preferable to steel.

On the other hand, the practical unsentimental business man will, no doubt, in some instances have small regard for the factors above mentioned, and some of the arguments in favor of metal furniture will weigh most forcibly with him. Of the merits of steel probably its indestructibility by fire and its ability to protect valuable correspondence, documents, drawings, blue-prints, books, etc., from the

flames, will weigh most strongly in its behalf.

In desks and cabinets there has recently come into vogue what is not infrequently termed "Sanitary" construction. This radical departure from old lines of construction has met with a very favorable reception and seems destined to stay. It consists of using heavy corner post or leg construction, and allowing a clearance of ten inches or more between the point where the drawer or cabinet section ends and the floor. In other words, having a clear space of a foot or more under the desk or cabinet, which is supported by the heavy legs which form the corner posts of the construction. The argument in favor of this type being that it permits of ready sweeping and scrubbing beneath the furniture, prevents the accumulation of debris there, and hence is conducive to fresh and sanitary conditions in the office. The argument is good, the sanitation desirable and therefore worth considering.

In the equipment of the modern office with furniture lies not a casual problem, but one which grows in complexity and importance with the size of the business. The judicious buyer considers well in this connection the future requirements of his business as well as what it needs to-day. This is not the least of the advantages of the modern system of construction in office furniture. To provide for expansion it comes in units—units of many and various kinds.

To begin with, the units are both horizontal and vertical. The advantage is twofold. It combines units adapted to different purposes; it provides for expansion without destroying the symmetry of the equipment.

To illustrate: There is on the market a steel sectional stack which combines document files, card-index files, letter files and roller-book shelves. Another combines a deposit ticket and check-file unit.

Thus the various requirements of an up-to-date system are condensed into one piece of furniture. This in

turn may be added to, since each constitutes a vertical section. That is, the sides are so constructed that another stack may be set alongside and make a perfect fit, carrying out symmetry of design and appearance. In some instances the sides are detachable and permit of the semi-permanent fastening together of the sections.

In the case of both horizontal and vertical sections, they may be purchased as desired, thus permitting of an initial purchase adequate to the needs and additions as required.

Other combinations of interest, to which attention is called, are those of a vertical file and cupboard, which also serves as a flat-top table, wardrobe sections, etc.

Vault omnibuses or trucks, which provide a ready means of bringing books of record or account, documents, correspondence, etc., to the desks of clerks or executives, convenient for the day's work, and as quickly return them to the vault for safekeeping in the evening, are interesting developments. The trucks are constructed with roller shelves for the books, which permit of their easy insertion and withdrawal from shelf space, and at the same time save a great deal of wear upon the books themselves.

Rubber tires and separable wheels render the movement of these trucks noiseless and easy of movement from place to place.

In a retrospective way it is interesting to view a mental picture of what the office of to-day is compared with the office of a few short years ago.

In a comparatively small office, such as could be secured in many of our commodious sky-scrapers to-day, may be found facilities for handling business which might be said to have required acres on the plan of the past.

The equipment of an office to-day is worthy of careful study and examination into the merits of the latest product of those who make a specialty of perfecting and manufacturing office furniture. The search will be interesting and result gratifying.

After the office furniture has been secured, the next step will be the introduction of such devices as will still further economize time and energy. Naturally the typewriter comes under this category, and a remarkable saying has it been, as the legions of business men who have used it will testify. The typewriter has gone into the smallest office and into the most remote store, and a typewritten letter is now far more common than a written letter. If business men would only take the typewriter as evidence of the utility of other office appliances, they would hardly pause to make the investment.

Under this heading come duplicating machines for turning out circulars; addressing machines, which will handle enormous quantities of mail matter in quick order; copying machines, for use in the accounting department, and a variety of other devices, each and all calculated to turn out the work rapidly. These inventions of recent years have stood all tests and are now as near perfection as one could wish.

The phonograph as an aid to dictation is now claiming the interest of business men to a greater extent. By means of this machine, dictation can be given without the presence of a stenographer. It is found invaluable by the man whose work renders his office hours uncertain. Even the ordinary business man finds it serviceable on occasions.

Thus office equipment becomes a study in itself and expert knowledge is as necessary in properly equipping an office as in managing the office after it has been fitted up.

#### HELD OVER.

The article by Hugh Chalmers, of Detroit, on "Salesmanship and Advertising," which was to have appeared in this issue, has been held over until our next issue. We regret to have to make this announcement, but the delay is altogether unavoidable. Those who know Mr. Chalmers' keen insight into business subjects will enjoy this article and will derive benefit from it, for it is probably the best thing he has ever written.



"I HAVE ALWAYS FOUND THAT FRATERNITY BEGETS PROSPERITY."

## In the Smoking Car

By

G. B. VAN BLARICOM

COMING in from my usual weekly jaunt on a Friday night, I boarded the train at London. Tired and dispirited, I wanted to settle down for a quiet read, but every seat in the passenger coaches was occupied. Reluctantly, I made my way to the smoking compartment in a last vain hope, and there I found a vacant spot. I do not indulge in the weed myself, and knew that when I landed home with my clothes saturated with smoke, so to speak, I would hear from my wife. I

was, however, not going to ride standing, and it was a case of Hobson's choice—the smoker, or nothing.

I have often heard of the pleasant informality and agreeable companionship of those who woo the pipe, and how tobacco—so kindred in its relations—levels all barriers and makes of its devotees that "fraternity of man," over which poets in past ages have sung. Opposite me were two men that I did not know, although I judged from their general appear-

ance that they were apostles of the grip. One was a rather young, smooth-faced, dark-eyed fellow, with a pleasant speech. His manner was interesting, his smile engaging. Evidently he had the art of mixing with men and feeling perfectly at home. Neatly dressed, he was smoking in an attitude of leisurely indifference, and the aroma from his cigar convinced me that it was not a cheap brand. He gave every outward indication of personal prosperity, and of having booked many orders for his house that week. His companion was considerably older, rather shabbily dressed, and wearing a soft felt hat, that had evidently been dug up in the woodshed. His eyes were heavy, his boots dirty, his linen soiled, while his face bore evidence that for at least three days it had had no acquaintance with a barber or razor. He seemed restless and gloomy.

"Well, this is my last trip for the house," he remarked somewhat disconsolately, as he filled a briar pipe and proceeded to take a pull.

"You don't say," declared his companion with interest. "What's up now, Bill? You look as if you had a bad week of it."

"Yes, I sent in my resignation three weeks ago—was asked to do so—and, of course, it was accepted. Why the manager called upon me to hand in my retiring ticket I don't know."

"Can't you give a shrewd guess?" asked his friend suggestively, calmly surveying the seedy looking Bill from head to foot.

"No, I can't surmise at all," was the response.

"Who have they got in your place?"

"Oh some dude of a fellow about twenty-five, who has not enough masculinity about him to raise a whisker. He's about as smooth a guy in manner and speech and face as you ever ran across. Why he looks like a fashion plate—not a

salesman, rough and ready for any emergency."

"But see here Bill, you are not down on him because he wears good clothes, a clean collar, polished shoes, and shaves every morning, are you? You must have something more than that against him to talk the way you do."

"Oh, no, I suppose not, but I tell you, Mr. Herman Peters, I never had time for any flummy diddles," he growled.

"But you will have now," answered Herman, and his reply was full of meaning, even to the dejected Bill.

"Explain yourself, sir," retorted the other with some heat.

"Well! I will. I was told by a man in the service of your firm that you were getting a big salary—\$2,800 a year—and were a good salesman, but you have been warned several times to spruce-up—that you were not representing a rag establishment, or a hair growing tonic, and yet you have gone on persistently and indifferently. My informant said that warnings seemed to have no effect, and now you find yourself out in the cold."

"Well, so long as a man feels comfortable it doesn't matter much how he looks, does it?" and Bill finding no confirmation in the eyes of the man next to him pulled more vigorously than ever at his strong smelling pipe, and shot an inquisitive glance at me.

"I don't agree with you sir," I replied, "stranger though you are to me, and I don't want you to interpret my remarks as in any way personal. I have always found that prosperity begets prosperity, that if you look as if you are run down at the heel, people are naturally inclined to think so. A man is often as he feels. I used to be an advertising solicitor before I got my present job, and my firm sent me over to England one summer to get some business there. I wore a hard felt hat,

a turn down collar, and a comfortable, easy fitting suit of clothes. I was presentable enough, but I found that I could not get in to see many of the big managers, whose car I wished to reach. On one pretext and another—some of them decidedly flimsy—I was turned down. The situation was distressing, and I was chagrined. Then a friend met me one day and told me the reason—that, when I was in another spot, I must do as they did. 'Don a topper, put on a Prince Albert, patent leather shoes, a pair of suede gloves, and see what a transformation there will be in your reception.' I did so, and sure enough, thus rigged out, I secured the entree to many private offices, admission to which had previously been denied. Yes, sir! it worked like a charm."

"That may go all right across the pond," answered Bill, "but things are different in this democratic country. I never had any time to personally titivate."

"Well," remarked Peters, "I take fully three-quarters of an hour every morning to complete my attire."

"You might be calling on customers and corralling several good orders in the time it takes you to dress," was all the sympathy he got from the older drummer.

"Oh, I get up early and follow a routine," continued Herman, "I polish my shoes, wash, shave, and take a cold plunge. Lost time—not a bit of it. When I sally forth I feel as fresh as a daisy."

"Sure," said I, chiming in, "it is as natural now for me to shave every day as it is to wash, button my collar, or adjust my necktie. Many men think that scraping the fuzz off their faces is an accursed nuisance. They are inclined to let it go rather than attend to it. They have no regularity about anything. I used to look upon the procedure in very much the same way."

"What caused you to change your



"I FOUND I COULD SHAVE IN SEVEN MINUTES."

mind?" pursued Bill, who was evincing more interest in the conversation.

"Well! it was this way: I am now fifty-four years old, and have been thirty on the road. I used to visit barber shops whenever I got a few minutes, and the barbers wheedled me into the belief that I could not shave myself, although I often thought I would like to do so. They told me my beard was awfully wily and tough, and my skin too soft, and tender. One day—it was dreadfully hot — when evening came, I was pretty well fagged out. I sat down to do a little thinking, and while ruminating over the past I formed a definite resolve.

"Well, to go on with my yarn. I found that averaging the time taken at twenty-five minutes a day for three hundred days in a year, and extending over a period of thirty years, that I had just spent 3,750 hours in tonsorial parlors. Reckoning the ordinary working day at

eight hours, I was appalled to learn that I had passed 470 days, or a year and a half of my life in a barber shop, not to mention the cost. I thought what an awful waste of time, what a sacrilege of opportunity! Then I bought a good safety razor, found that I could clean my face in seven minutes, and it was done for the day. I had not to be the servant of any man, or await his beck and call. I did not like the thing at first, naturally I had a prejudice against it, but I gritted my teeth and said, 'if so many others find you a true friend, I am sure that I can.' The fourth morning I got on to the hang of the thing, and in a week I was an expert at its use, and from that day—three years ago to the present—I have never let a barber do anything for me except to shear my locks, and I have never missed my morning shave. It is just as natural for me to pick up that little, keen-edged, sanitary instrument, as it is for me to put on my shirt—and no more trouble. I never invested five dollars that yielded me so much happiness and satisfactory results.

"And what's more, if anyone told me that this little device would prove such a friend, I wouldn't have believed him. I tell you, Bill, I was so interested, that when in Mont-

real, my attention was attracted to the Gillette factory. There and then I determined to visit it. The visit certainly explained the perfection of my little safety. The material used and the workmanship was a revelation to me. Every part used was a proven necessity, and so finished as to insure a perfect razor.

"The Gillette people make some pretty strong statements in their advertising, but I can tell you I do not believe any of them are exaggerated, either about their razor or their factory."

"What make did you say it was?" interrogated Bill, who had become immensely interested in my personal narrative.

"It was a Gillette. Why do you ask?" I ventured.

"I say, boys," he exclaimed as the trainman shouted Woodstock, "I have to leave you here. I am about to turn over a new leaf."

"How's that?"

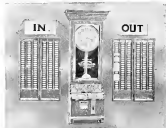
"I'm going up town to get one of those articles you just told me about, and also a new job."

When I met him two weeks later, I scarcely recognized my former casual smoking acquaintance. He was radiantly happy. "Say," he shouted across the street, "I got both those things. I'm a new man now."



## LABOR TIME RECORDING

The chief item in the expense account of the average business concern is the cost of labor. Labor cost represents Time for which the employer pays Money. It naturally follows that an efficient system of checking the time given by employees in exchange for their employers' money is essential to the proper conduct of business. No system that is in the least dependent for its operation upon the honesty or energy of a clerk will give very satisfactory results. A clock is only honest. He has his lips and fingers; his fits of laziness, of indisposition, of carelessness. The perfect system is the



### International Rochester Card Time Recorder

This system is entirely automatic and is the very essence of simplicity. It consists of a clock with a special mechanism, two card racks and sufficient cards of a simple ruling, as shown in the above illustration.

When ranging "In" the employee takes his card (designated by name and number) from the "out" rack, stamps it on the clock, and places it in a corresponding pocket on the "in" rack. On his card the exact time of his arrival—day, hour and minute—has been recorded. He repeats the operation whenever going in or out. At the end of the week your card racks contain an absolutely accurate record of the time worked by every employee. This system cannot err or be manipulated. Its records are absolutely indisputable. Could anything be more satisfactory?

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Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough. Ever-areaded Croup cannot exist where Cresolene is used.

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